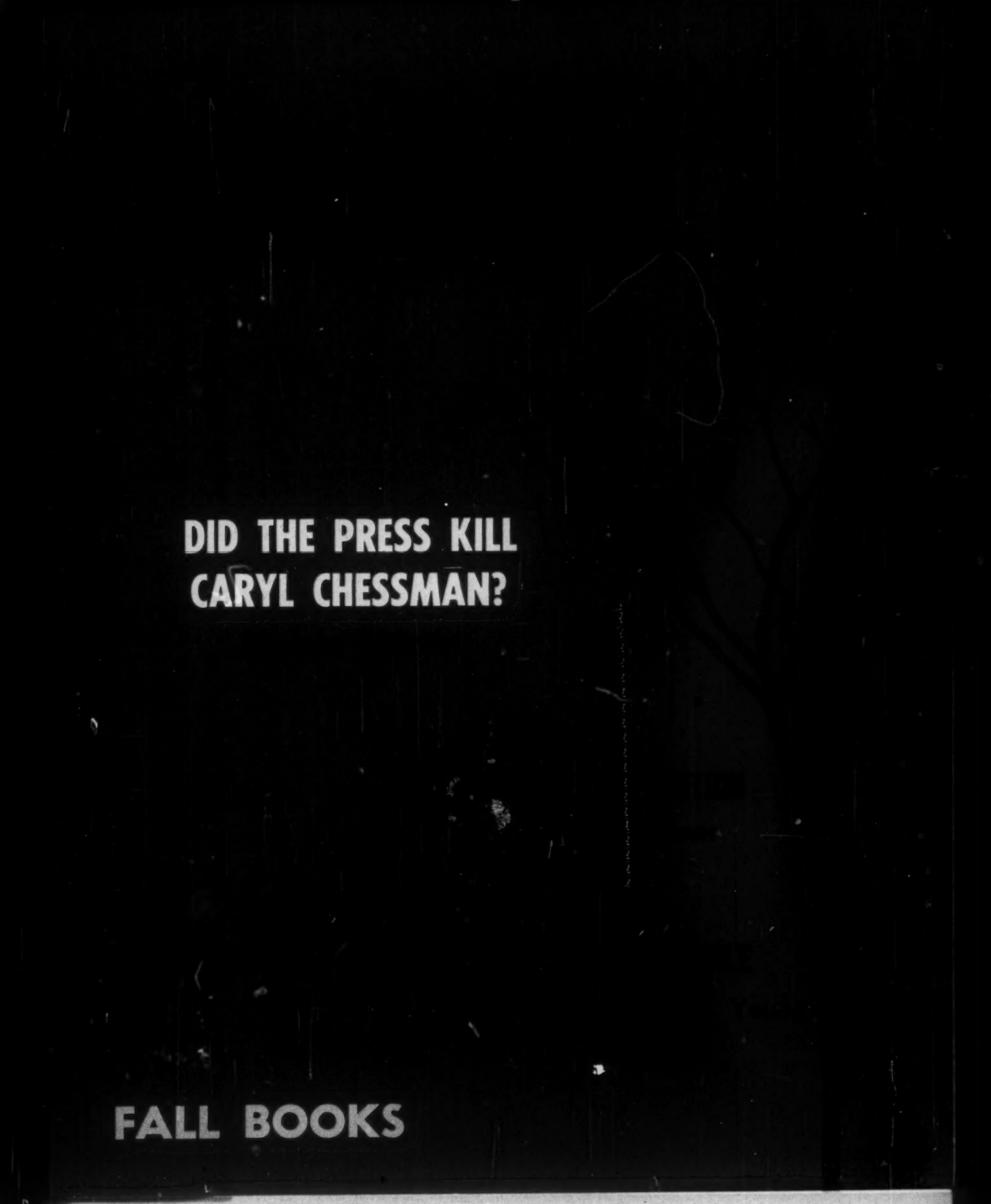
DID THE PRESS KILL
CARYL CHESSMAN?
FALL BOOKS

Office Memo

SANTA CLAUS came early to *The Progressive* this year, in the person of the postman who in mid-November delivered the contributions and pledges that put The Progressive's Membership Campaign over the top. Contributions on hand and pledges of early payments now exceed the goal of $30,000 needed to assure uninterrupted publication throughout 1961.

In past years, as in this one, the loyalty and generosity of the readers and Members of *The Progressive* have, without exception, enabled us to reach our goal. But never before have we reached it so early. The response to our appeal was so prompt and generous that our hard-pressed staff was overwhelmed at times, and frequently fell behind in acknowledging and recording Membership contributions.

It says something of our contributors that they have established such a record in the midst of a momentous election campaign in which many of them were spending a great deal of time, effort—and money. Perhaps it was a sense of the urgency of the times that prompted such an immediate and generous outpouring of the financial aid so vital to the magazine.

An urgent note was sounded in many of the heartwarming letters of encouragement and praise that accompanied many contributions. A San Francisco subscriber, for instance, wrote: "I've been saving for my retirement, several years off, but I might as well share with you. If *The Progressive* were to go under, it might well be a sign in these dangerous times that we would all go under. Keep up the good work."

Another contributor wrote: "I am worried of the future. If Kennedy wins, we shall need *The Progressive* to keep him faithful to the platform. If Nixon wins, we shall need *The Progressive* even more desperately as a beacon light. My contribution is an investment in my future."

But whatever lay behind the readers' prompt reply to our Membership appeal, the Editors and the staff of *The Progressive* deeply appreciate the generous response of the many thousands of loyal Members who have pooled their resources for a magnificent rescue mission.

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To all those who are taking advantage of the special Holiday Gift rates to give *The Progressive* for Christmas, we address a friendly request: Please send Christmas gift orders as early as possible, so the staff will have time to give your order the careful attention it deserves. There's an order form easily detachable from the back cover of this issue, and a post paid envelope enclosed. Why not mail your order today?

VOLUME 24 NUMBER 12

The

FOUNDED IN 1909 BY ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE, Sr.

DECEMBER, 1960

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The Progressive makes no attempt to exact complete conformity from its contributors, but rather welcomes a variety of opinions consistent with its general policies. Signed articles, therefore, do not necessarily represent the opinion of the management of the magazine.

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PROGRESSIVE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH
AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

The Next Four Months

THE NEXT four months will answer some of the questions and resolve at least a few of the doubts of those who voted for Senator John F. Kennedy with hopeful hearts and troubled minds. It will take much longer than that, of course, to form a considered judgment about the Kennedy Administration. But there will be helpful clues during the next thirty days when he makes his major appointments, and thereafter during the first one hundred days of his Administration when, by his own judgment, he must, for the rest of the long road, chart the course and set the style of his Presidency.

The pressures from the far Right and the cautious moderates are tremendous. They are contending that the extraordinary closeness of the outcome robs President-elect Kennedy of a progressive mandate and demands of him the formation of something called a "national government" which would freeze the status quo for the next four years.

We can conceive of no greater rejection of the platform on which he ran than for Kennedy to succumb to this kind of humbug, and we feel reasonably confident he won't. The heart of his victorious appeal to the electorate was that we must "move ahead" toward progressive goals. His is now the power to lead in that direction, however slim the margin of victory, and it would be a bitter betrayal of the very forces in America that *did* elect him if he should be conned into believing and acting on the notion that the nearly fifty per cent who voted for his opponent were opposed to the liberal program on which Kennedy staked his candidacy.

No one, it seems to us, who has read Vice President Nixon's campaign speeches, and more importantly, his position papers, can evade the conclusion that for weeks he edged and then in the final days galloped toward a progressive position designed to close the ideological gap between Kennedy and himself. Differences persisted, to be sure, but on almost every issue Nixon finally promised something *almost* as liberal as Kennedy had. To argue that Nixon's strong showing in second place represents a nearly fifty per cent rejection by the people of the liberal Democratic platform ignores the readily demonstrable fact that Nixon felt obliged to embrace a "me too, but—" position on the progressive pledges of his opponent.

The fatal ambivalence of those who insist that Kennedy's tight squeeze means the country does not want a liberal program was best illustrated by one of our ablest and most honest defenders of the status quo, *The Wall Street Journal*. A few days after the election, the *Journal* asserted editorially that "the narrowness of the vote is the central fact of the election. It says, in clear voice, that the package of the New Deal-Fair Deal philosophy . . . no longer has the power to sweep the country." But two columns away on the same page of the same issue, the same paper acknowledged that if the "New Deal-Fair Deal philosophy" did not sweep the whole country with Kennedy, it swept the rest of the country with Nixon. "Conservatives everywhere," said *The Wall Street Journal*, "winced as he [Nixon] proposed proposals to *match every liberal Kennedy program*." (Emphasis added.)

Herblock in The Washington Post

"—And Now the Reports from Africa, Asia, Latin America, and the Middle East . . ."

Despite the loss of two Senate and twenty-four House seats, the President will command substantial Democratic majorities in both chambers. But the casualty list includes some of the most forward-looking freshmen in the old House, including half the members of the Liberal Project, established to serve as a progressive pressure force within the Democratic Party. Two of the Project's ablest and most articulate spokesmen for liberalism at home and a more creative foreign policy abroad, Representatives William Meyer of Vermont and Byron Johnson of Colorado, fell before the Republican tide that ran heavily in their states, although both ran well ahead of Kennedy. Happily, however, the chairman of the Liberal Project, Wisconsin's Robert Kastenmeier, one of the brightest stars on the freshman team of 1958, won handsomely, more than doubling his margin of two years ago. Kastenmeier, who represents *The Progressive's* home district, won despite the Wisconsin trend toward Nixon and in the face of a vicious, McCarthy-style Republican campaign that sought to equate his vote against conscription, his struggle for disarmament, and his leadership in behalf

of a National Peace Agency with "appeasement" and "softness on Communism."

Kennedy's commitment to a progressive program at home—especially in the fields of civil rights, social security, aid to education, medical assistance for the aged, and increased minimum wages—will encounter its greatest obstacle in his own party. Southern Tories dominate the major committees and can strangle liberal legislation before it gets to the floor.

That is why the most compelling task confronting the new President even before he moves into the White House is to throw the full power and prestige of his office into the struggle to liberalize the rules of Congress in order to break the stranglehold of the Tory-dominated committees, especially the Rules Committee of the House. *(See James A. Robinson's "The Coming Conflict over the House Rules Committee" on Page 29 of this issue of The Progressive.)*

Despite pressure from Senators Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, and Paul Douglas of Illinois—the latter two were re-elected by majorities far greater than Kennedy received in their states—Candidate Kennedy declined during the campaign to proclaim an unequivocal commitment to rules reform, doubtless because he did not want to offend the nabobs of the South. But Kennedy affirmed again and again that he was running on the Democratic platform, and that platform pledges: "In order that the will of the American people may be expressed upon all legislative proposals, we urge that action be taken at the beginning of the Eighty-seventh Congress to improve Congressional procedures so that majority rule prevails and decisions can be made after reasonable debate without being blocked by a minority in either House. The rules of the House of Representatives should be amended so as to make sure that bills reported by legislative committees reach the floor for consideration without undue delay. . . . To accomplish these [platform] goals will require . . . improved Congressional procedures to safeguard majority rule."

Here is the first great test President-elect Kennedy faces, for the issue will be resolved in the opening days of the new Congress, a fortnight before Kennedy becomes President. He can exercise his power and harness his prestige to creative ends even as he stands in the wings waiting for the curtain to go up. He can do this by persuading to his side two powerful Texans, Vice President-elect Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn, whose whole-hearted cooperation could spell the difference between victory and defeat. If Kennedy doesn't try aggressively, or if he tries and fails, much of what he said during the campaign, and nearly all of the platform on which he ran will be reduced by the coalition to just so much campaign oratory.

Scare for Scare

In the critical realm of foreign policy, the new President will be less dependent on Congress, for here the Constitution provides considerable room for maneuver and decision by the Chief Executive. We found much to criticize in Candidate Kennedy's utterances on foreign policy, but near the end of the campaign he spoke out far more affirmatively in emphasizing negotiated disarmament, in placing greater emphasis on the social and economic rather than the military aspects of the struggle with world Communism, and in proclaiming that "our great role in history [must be] that of peacemakers."

All the massive problems in foreign relations that existed before the campaign began are still there, some of them magnified and exacerbated by ineptness, inattention, or indifference on the part of the present Administration. The struggle over Berlin remains unresolved. The situation in Algeria is worsening. The crisis over the Congo is boiling toward a new showdown. In Southeast Asia, Laos and Vietnam have presented us with new and urgent problems. Our "victories" in the United Nations are becoming less frequent and more Pyrrhic. And most urgent of all, in our judgment, is the deepening conflict with Cuba and its potential for disaster throughout all Latin America.

It is on this last problem that Candidate Kennedy performed most miserably during the campaign. His call for strengthening "anti-Castro forces in exile, and in Cuba itself, who offer eventual hope of overthrowing Castro" was a clear-cut violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of Articles Fourteen and Fifteen of the Inter-American Treaty which specifically forbid any intervention, political or economic, in the internal affairs of any of the American republics. Kennedy seemed to sense the enormity of his blunder and backed away and then abandoned his position. But there was no indication that he was prepared to move to higher ground, or that he understood the extent to which the Cuban revolution, for all its backwash of repression and hate, has captured the imagination of the hungry, the homeless, and the hopeless peoples throughout Latin America.

This is one of the hard facts we must live with and the new President must act on—this irresponsible surge toward something resembling the affirmative aspects of the social revolution of Castro's Cuba that dominates the hemisphere in which we live, no less than the new countries of Asia and Africa. The evidence is everywhere, and everywhere overwhelming. Thus:

¶ Adlai Stevenson, returning from a recent journey in Latin America, reported: "It is a grave mistake for us to underestimate the popularity of the Cuban Revolution throughout South America." He warned that Communism is making massive inroads, not as a Marxist ideology, but as a force for reform holding out hope to the impoverished masses by preaching land reform, social

justice, progressive taxation, and industrialization.

¶ Jack Anderson, associate of Drew Pearson, reported from south of our border: "Among the restless, seething, hungry millions in these Latin lands, it is no longer Uncle Sam's white beard but Fidel Castro's black beard which has become the symbol of liberty. . . . To them, the word 'freedom' has only one meaning, freedom from poverty, freedom from groveling."

¶ Tad Szulc, who roams Latin America for the New York *Times*, wrote from Brazil: "The makings of a revolutionary situation are increasingly apparent across the vastness of the poverty-stricken and drought-plagued Brazilian Northeast. In the area 20,000,000 people live on an average annual income of less than $100. Wracked by chronic malnutrition and rampaging disease, they seldom live much beyond the age of thirty. Their misery is exploited by the rising Leftist influences in the overcrowded cities. The Communist-infiltrated Peasant Leagues, organizing and indoctrinating, have become an important political factor in this area. Cuba's Premier Fidel Castro and Mao Tse-tung, Communist China's party chairman, are being presented as heroes to be imitated by the peasants, workers, and students."

¶ Laura Berquist, who was jailed in Cuba during her researches for *Look*, emerged with this warning: "We seem to be driving Castro ever further into the Soviet bloc. The importance of Cuba is much bigger than Cuba. People all over Latin America are restless. They are anxious for social change. We should make one last effort to establish good relations with Castro."

We concur heartily in Miss Berquist's plea for "one last effort." We believe that President-elect Kennedy should announce his determination to reverse the reprisals, so self-defeating in any event, that we have invoked against Castro's Cuba and proclaim his determination to seek, in concert with all the other Americas, negotiated settlements with Castro's regime. It may not work. It may be too late. But we have little to lose by living up to our bigness. And for the longer haul and the wider landscape, the new Administration can afford to lose no time in embarking on a program of Marshall Plan dimensions that recognizes the legitimate social aspirations of the people of Latin America and seeks to channel their revolutionary surge along democratic lines.

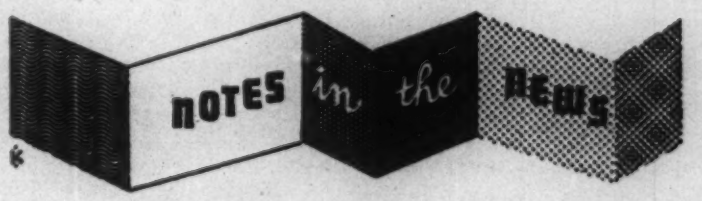
We have lingered on Latin America not only because that time-bomb is ticking away so close to home but also because the problems of those countries and the challenge with which they confront us *now* are much the same as those we encounter in the rest of the world. Like it or not, we are locked everywhere in a supreme struggle with the Soviets to influence the choice of roads that will be taken by countless peoples in Asia, Africa, and Latin America who are determined not to slog along much longer in the mud of their present dead-end street. This challenge will not be met by sweetening the pot for the Pentagon. It will be met only by a new and far greater emphasis on the social and economic aspects of the struggle between the Soviets and ourselves.

There is much more, of course, that confronts the Kennedy Administration in the realm of foreign affairs. There is the compelling need to leave all doors, at all levels, open at all times for negotiation. Premier Khrushchev's cordial response to Kennedy's election holds out some hope that fruitful discussions may be possible in the near future. There is the challenge, as Kennedy pointed out repeatedly during the campaign, to abandon the slothful and almost schizophrenic way in which we have approached conferences on disarmament.

Perhaps the best way to sum up the task confronting the new President is this quotation from his San Francisco speech November 2:

"We can push a button to start the next war—but there is no push-button magic to bring a just and lasting peace. To be peace-loving is not enough—for the Sermon on the Mount saved its blessing for the peace*makers*. The generation for which I speak has seen enough of warmongers —let our great rôle in history be that of peacemakers."

This paragraph packs a powerful hope. It doesn't quite square with some of the other things he said, but as incorrigible optimists, we are in a mood to hope that President Kennedy will act on Candidate Kennedy's eloquent summons to America to play the great role of peacemakers. The next four months, by his own estimate, should give us something to judge, however tentative. We should have some notion by then if the man in the White House is standing on and fighting for the platform on which he ran and won.



The Community of Fear

Ever since the dawn of the nuclear age, the threat of annihilation implicit in the enormous destructive capacity of hydrogen weapons has been mitigated by pronouncements of the world's political and military leaders that the very power of these weapons had made use of them "unthinkable."

But a report recently published by the Fund for the Republic sounds the somber warning that we may be well into a new phase of the nuclear age, one in which nuclear war is not only no longer considered unthinkable, but may already have become inevitable. To heighten the danger, the report emphasizes, the military and its lobby have become so powerful that they have removed effective control of the arms race from civilian hands.

Harrison Brown, the distinguished scientist and author, and James Real, management consultant and adviser to the Fund for the Republic's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, have outlined, in *The Community of Fear*, the reasons why

the world "balance of terror," which has maintained a sort of peace for the moment, has been outmoded by the accelerating arms race and the proliferation of nuclear weapons among other nations. (Single copies are available free at the Center's office, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, Calif.)

"There is, as it were," says Reinhold Niebuhr in a foreword to the study, "a time bomb under our vaunted security. Ultimately, the ever-accelerated pace of the arms race must lead to disaster, even if neither side consciously desires the ultimate war. That is why the old slogans of 'bargaining from strength' . . . and 'deterring attack by the prospect of massive retaliation' have become irrelevant. A fresh approach is needed, prompted by an awareness of the common danger, rather than by the complacent assumption of either side that they are strong enough to prevent an attack or to win the war if it should come."

The authors have limited themselves to drawing a vivid picture of the common danger; they have purposely not spelled out the details of a fresh approach. And the picture, presented calmly, dispassionately, and with authoritative conviction, is terrifying. It includes the prospect that "optimistically, as few as ten million deaths would result" from the minimum size thermonuclear attack on the United States that would make military sense. The more realistic result would be twenty million deaths. But any attack, the authors contend, is almost certain to be much heavier than a minimum of, say, one hundred bombs pinpointed on specific military targets. Much more likely would be an attack of the size studied last year by the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. Data presented by experts indicated that a 1500 megaton attack, striking 224 military and industrial centers, would kill twenty-five million immediately, another twenty-five million would die from injuries and radiation, and twenty million more would be crippled.

"It should be emphasized, however, that these estimates of casualties are minimal, for they include only the estimates of casualties resulting from blast, direct thermal effects, and radiation. The estimates do not include casualties resulting from such secondary effects as the disorganization of society, a disruption of communications, massive fires, extinction of livestock, spread of disease, genetic damage, or the ingestion of radioactive materials."

It is already possible, the report points out, for an enemy virtually to annihilate the entire United States population by exploding six hundred ten-megaton bombs more or less uniformly over the land at a height of thirty miles.

"On a clear day forests, grasslands, and crops would ignite or wither, as would the flammable structure of the cities, towns, and villages. All exposed living creatures, except those living in the water, would perish. A substantial fraction of the human beings who were protected from the initial thermal flash would perish in the resultant thermal holocaust. Others would perish as the result of such secondary effects of the catastrophe as lack of food and adequate medical care."

In the face of this fantastic destructive power, there is a growing drive, particularly among military men, and notably on the part of the Rand Corporation's Herman Kahn, to create a psychology which would accept the idea that a large-scale nuclear war was a distinct possibility, but that the nation could survive and rebuild itself on the ashes of seventy-five to a hundred million dead, and an utterly devastated landscape. The next step in creating such a psychology would be the building of bomb shelters on a gigantic scale. At this point, the authors state, the acceptance of nuclear war would completely dominate international politics, and the chance of avoiding such a catastrophe would become increasingly remote.

One of the more chilling sections of scientist Brown's analysis of *The Community of Fear* is the one dealing with "Accidental and Catalytic War." He argues with depressing persuasiveness that entirely aside from malicious acts, purely accidental war stemming from human, electronic, or mechanical failure is rapidly rising out of the area of possibility into the realm of probability.

But perhaps more important for the future of the world is Brown's argument that the political decisions concerning nuclear weapons have already been removed from civilian hands.

"There is little doubt," says the report, "that the armed services exert more control over Congress than that body exerts over the Defense Department. Indeed, the military elite is clearly in a position to assume political command over the United States' striking forces if there are serious signs of weakness in the United States' foreign relations."

There is still time, says Brown, but it is running out rapidly. Only a return of military control to civilian hands, he urges, and an all-out drive toward disarmament can save the nation and the world from an almost incomprehensible holocaust.

War and Welfare

Conservative cries for economy in government are invariably raised against the health, education, housing, and similar public welfare "spending" programs proposed by "starry-eyed, impractical" liberals. Yet an examination of Congressional appropriations for 1960, prepared by the Friends Committee on National Legislation, strikingly reveals that the level of spending by the national government on domestic welfare programs has remained almost stationary for more than a decade. This means, in real terms, a steady decline, as the value of the dollar has coasted downward and the population of the United States has soared. In the meantime, state and local expenditures for public welfare have risen so rapidly that many communities and several states have reached the legal or practical limits of their taxing power.

These are some of the highlights and shadows of the Friends' report:

¶ Nearly three-fourths of all Federal spending goes for armaments, veterans, and interest on the war-created public debt.

¶ Only one of every nineteen Federal dollars is used for all the welfare, education, housing, and public health programs taken together.

¶ The single item of interest on the public debt is almost double all public welfare expenditures.

¶ Non-military expenditures on foreign affairs—including economic aid, all Point Four and United Nations

programs, the State Department budget, Atoms for Peace, and many others—came to only two and a half per cent of the total budget. The one item of foreign military aid in the defense budget exceeds by several hundred million dollars the total non-military foreign budget.

¶ The annual cost to the U.S. taxpayer of all United Nations programs is sixty-five cents per capita.

¶ Less than one million dollars is being spent on the all-important problems of disarmament, in contrast to $47 *billion* on arms, a ratio of one to forty-seven thousand.

These comparisons between war and welfare appropriations are striking but essentially quite conservative. For example, the Post Office appropriation of $4 billion—the largest non-military item—includes $3.25 billion in revenue, bringing the amount paid from taxes down to three-quarters of a billion. This one adjustment would reduce the non-military portion of the Federal pie by more than 3.5 per cent. Because of bookkeeping practices, many appropriations to other income-producing agencies—such as the profitable Tennessee Valley Authority—throw the non-military budget still further out of perspective. Furthermore, the estimated avoidable waste in the Defense Department's expenditures would, by itself, pay more than half the cost of all welfare programs.

The evidence is mounting that far from over-spending in the interests of the public welfare, the trend has taken us dangerously far in the other direction. A report from the Children's Bureau of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare reveals that in recent years the United States has dropped from sixth to tenth place among the nations in the rate of curtailing infant mortality, an accepted yardstick of medical standards and progress. The Children's Bureau cites lack of adequate medical care, overcrowded and understaffed hospitals, and slum conditions in large cities as the principal factors in the deterioration of the United States' position in infant mortality. The ratio of doctors to population is declining, another sign that we are slipping backward instead of progressing in safeguarding the nation's health.

Health is only one of several areas in which it can be demonstrated that the United States is not making the progress it should—and can afford. Contrary to popular myth, the Federal government is *not* spending proportionately more each year for "welfare" programs. Thirty years ago, the non-military expenditures of the Federal government averaged more than five and a half per cent of the nation's Gross National Product. The 1960 Federal budget allocates less than four and a half per cent of the G.N.P. to non-military services. Unless we are willing in the 1960's to direct at least as large a share of our enormous wealth into preserving and improving the well-being of all our people as we did a generation ago, the nation's standards will continue to slide, its economy stagnate, and its position of world leadership deteriorate.

Food and Freedom

Most of the various proposed "solutions" to the farm surplus problem have emphasized a curtailment and control of production to limit the supply to current effective demand, thereby improving the price the farmer receives for his produce and eliminating surpluses. The Council on Economic Progress recently prepared an analysis of and a proposed solution to the farm problem which, it seems to us, takes a vastly more positive approach. The Conference proposals are more comprehensive and more radical than anything we have seen. But its recommendations have great appeal, because their goal is the planned utilization of our enormous agricultural capacity to meet not just current effective demand here at home, but the actual need of the world's people, here and in countries all over the globe. The achievement of its goals would result not only in stabilizing the chaotic farm situation, but would greatly improve farmers' income, and substantially raise the living standards of hundreds of millions of human beings.

Mauldin in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"I'm Not Playing Hooky. I Fell Out."

The Conference report, prepared under the direction of economist Leon Keyserling, and appropriately titled "Food and Freedom," is grounded in the recognition that agriculture can no longer survive under the unfettered law of supply and demand, but must be regulated and managed in a more sensible manner. Keyserling has support for this view from some ultra-conservative sources. A few years ago, in testimony before a Senate committee, the general counsel for the United States Steel Corporation commented that only twelve per cent of the nation's economy was not "administered," and that the bulk of this twelve per cent was agriculture. It should be evident by now that the agricultural economy is outmoded. It cannot survive in competition with a highly administered economy, and Keyserling proves this point with a wealth of concrete evidence.

But the solution the Conference proposes is far more than a plan to impose a "strait jacket" on the farmer. A good deal of government intervention is involved, but the emphasis is on coordinating a greatly expanded system of voluntary acts and organizations of farmers, and integrating agriculture with American foreign policy. The report is much too complex and detailed to cover in a brief editorial note, but we urge anyone interested in or concerned about—or confused by—the current farm situation to read the entire report. Copies are available at fifty cents each from the Conference on Economic Progress, 1001 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Keyserling has presented a convincing argument that the chronically depressed American farmer offers not a seemingly insoluble economic problem, but one of our greatest tools in forging a world of freedom and equality of opportunity.

Cuba's *Counter*-Revolution

by JAMES O'CONNOR

This is the first of three articles on Cuba by Mr. O'Connor, who recently spent two months studying developments in that country. Subsequent articles will explore the Cuban economy and planning program and assess American foreign policy toward Cuba and the revolutionary government. An economist at Barnard College, Mr. O'Connor has written for a number of publications, including The Nation, The New Republic, *and* Dissent.—THE EDITORS.

"WE DON'T WANT to concede anything more," the Cuban lawyer said. "But we must tolerate Castro a while longer. Soon the Cuban economy will be wholly dependent on the Communists, and the government will no longer be able to follow an independent policy. That is when our people will wake up. And when there is a fighting unit on the streets, I'll join it."

The lawyer's companion was more sanguine—surprisingly so, since the National Bank's new tariff and foreign exchange policies had compelled him to abandon his importing business. "For fifty years, Cuban society has been decrepit and decadent. Of course Castro has turned a popular movement into a dictatorship. I don't know, perhaps it is necessary now. But believe me when I say that a revolution was both desirable and inevitable."

Between these two positions—one hesitates to call them extremes since the views of both men run against those of the Cuban masses—lies that of the representative middle-class Cuban. What exactly does he think, and what is he likely to do about it? If these questions are disregarded, all forecasts of the island's future forfeit their right to a serious hearing. The reason for this is simple. In the hostility of the urban bourgeoisie—those ex-rentiers, businessmen, professionals, and tradesmen who are now—privately—fiercely anti-government—lies the only current internal threat to Premier Fidel Castro's rule.

Yet, so long as the middle-classes continue to be repudiated by the vast majority of Cuba's six and a half million people (of which the bourgeoisie number less than half a million), Castro will profit by their response to his drive toward planned industrialization of the island. He can convert their intransigence into a domestic enemy to consolidate further his hold on the rural masses. On the other hand, if in the unlikely event they adapt themselves to the exigencies of the revolution (as have the private building contractors, for example), he can revive private commerce and enlarge the scope of the free-market sector to ease the burden of planned economic development.

In the first case, however, Castro may be compelled to take repressive political measures to enforce future expropriations of Cuban-owned enterprises; few repercussions inside Cuba accompanied nationalization of United States' investments, but there is some evidence that the Cuban businessman will not be as compliant as his American counterpart. The first major offensive against the national bourgeoisie in October (when almost four hundred Cuban-owned banks, industrial, commercial and transportation concerns were nationalized) appears to have accelerated counter-revolutionary activity inside Cuba. This cannot be expected to go unchecked by Castro's police. In the event the middle-class should adapt itself to the revolution—at the moment only a remote possibility—Castro must discover a way to inhibit the revolution's left-wing, whose influence at home—thanks to the United States' disastrous Cuban policy—is far out of proportion to its actual numbers.

Until now, the government's economic accomplishments have deprived the middle-classes of allies. Conditioned by a long collaboration with the opportunists in Batista's police state, in addition to being temporarily isolated, the bourgeoisie have been powerless to thwart the revolution. Nonetheless, if the island's economy should take a serious turn for the worse, there seems little doubt that Castro's enemies could claim the support of the urban working-class, or a large portion of it, together with that of the many town-dwelling agricultural wage workers whose condition has been virtually unaffected by agrarian reform. Additionally, they may be able to count on the help of many farm owner-operators (of whom there are roughly fifty thousand in Cuba) whose economic independence has been eroded by Agrarian Reform Institute's (INRA) controls.

More important, if the economy reveals weaknesses on which the bourgeoisie can capitalize; if, that is, the middle-classes win allies, the United States will undoubtedly accelerate its diplomatic, economic, and indirect military offensive against the revolutionary government. The greater Castro's internal opposition, the less will be the prospect that the United States will withhold direct and unembarrassed support from anti-Castro exiles in this country.

Hence, in the event of economic collapse, the revolutionary government would have to contend with an authentic resistance movement at home, together with an external threat of growing proportions. Concessions or restraints would be unavoidable; either would tend to undermine the revolution's solidarity and test its coherence and staying power.

How pronounced is middle-class discontent? How viable will the new economy be? These two questions are of utmost importance for Cuba.

For the moment, the only realistic attitude among a middle-class bereft of allies is "wait-and-see." Acts of extremism appear to be confined chiefly to voluntary exiles mobilizing in Florida for a series of military thrusts against the island's sparsely populated mountain districts; two invasions mounted from Florida have already been thwarted. However, apart from Miami's *Moviemento de Recuperacion Revolucionaria*, begun a few months ago by disaffected Fidelistas, and New York's *Rosa Blanca*, organized by exiled Batista "moderates" early in 1959, the opposition has no political instrument and is therefore harmless—at least from the point of view of forging a coherent resistance. Yet by reason of its formlessness and disjointedness, it can accommodate extremists of every stamp, including terrorists. Last July, Jose Pardo Llada, the popular Fidelista news commentator, barely escaped a machine-gun attack. Later in the summer, the head of Castro's secret police, after reportedly infiltrating a counter-revolutionary cell, was betrayed and shot to death.

As for the others among the opposition, outwardly at least they are complying with the revolution's orders and decrees. They have submitted to the intervention and expropriation of private business, and have yielded their lands in the interior to militant INRA cadres. Up to now, their opposition inside Cuba has been limited to black market operations, heated denunciations of the regime in the privacy of their own homes, and a long-faced, passive hostility in public. A *Vedado* party or an afternoon of *cafe solos* in the garden of one of Country Club's mansions is incomplete without a round of the latest anti-government stories. During newsreels in middle-class cinemas, the Pope, President Eisenhower, or even MGM's lion win far more applause than Premier Castro, who is more likely to be booed. At mass meetings, one no longer sees middle-class representation; this was not the case as late as last spring. Perhaps the best rough measure of middle-class disaffection is the necessary waiting time for a United States' visa as a result of mounting demand; in September, about one year, compared with a few days a year ago.

Yet, since this discontent, which is increasingly apparent among even anti-Batista elements who worked actively for the revolution, is grotesquely exaggerated in the United States' mass media and studiously ignored in the Cuban press, the range and modes of middle-class attitudes are not easily accessible. A coherent image fails to materialize even after scores of conversations; the businessman, the lawyer, the tradesman, unsure of themselves, invariably invite caution. Ray Brennan put it more bluntly when he closed his book, *Cuba, Castro, and Justice*, with a judgment everyone in the middle-classes to whom I spoke was willing to concede. Anyone who predicts the future of Cuba, he wrote flatly, is a fool.

The sources of middle-class discontent are two-fold. First and most important, the Cuban bourgeoisie have, inevitably, suffered economically. The profound economic changes brought about by the revolutionary government have been accompanied —and to a large extent made possible —by a wholesale redistribution of the nation's wealth, which has reduced the living standard of the middle-classes. And it is beyond the power of even a man with the drive and appeal of Fidel Castro to win over a class whose extinction he himself is authoring.

To begin with, the first essential of agrarian reform was purchase or expropriation of all landholdings more than 995 acres in size (in sugar, rice, and cattle-raising the official limit is 3,316 acres, although in practice it is 1,500 acres). Owners, excepting those convicted of war crimes, have been promised compensation in the form of twenty-year, four and one-half per cent bonds which, however, INRA has failed to distribute.

As of October, the government had taken possession of roughly seventy per cent of all lands under cultivation or in pasture and forests. And agrarian reform—which has yielded nearly 2,500 producer's cooperatives extending over forty per cent of Cuba's farm lands, and more than 7,000 individual titles to lands previously worked by tenants, sharecroppers, and squatters (covering about twenty-five per cent of all farm lands)—is the *sine qua non* of the revolution. Thousands of people dependent on the old system have been affected: not only the owners themselves, who number fewer than 3,000, but also land agents, commodity brokers, distributors, and money lenders.

While some production decisions are shared by INRA and the members of the cooperatives themselves, the Institute (which will spend $160 million in 1960) supplies equipment, fertilizer, and technical personnel, and then purchases, transports, and sells the crop. The entire market complex has been superseded by the state; its middlemen by government functionaries.

Second, new workers' housing, schools, hospitals, transport facilities, even beaches, motels, and restaurants, are the fruit of a complete reallocation of the island's construction resources from the private to the public sector. Inescapable in this shift—a minor revolution in itself—is a severe cutback in private building, a halt to speculative profits in urban real estate, underemployment among lawyers, accountants, material dealers, and others whose livelihood was directly or indirectly bound up in private construction.

Third, in line with the government's policy of diversifying agriculture, producing import substitutes, and developing a wide range of exports to reduce Cuba's dependence on sugar, the National Bank has introduced a system of exchange rationing and import licensing (still necessary despite our export embargo since it will be relatively simple to re-export U.S. commodities from Mexico and other Latin American countries). This policy is designed partially to conserve foreign exchange, but mainly to control indirectly the pattern of the island's production and distribution. Since the government has assumed the role of monopoly importer, two thousand of Havana's customs brokers employing about four thousand clerks have closed their doors. The flow of luxury consumer goods has been choked off. Middle-class consumers complain incessantly

of shortages, and non-essential businesses dependent on raw material imports have shut down.

Moreover, tourism is at a standstill; hotel, bar, restaurant, and taxi owners, a sizable class in Havana, have become increasingly infected with the politics of counter-revolution.

Middle-class resistance to the Castro regime can be attributed to one other source: unwillingness to acknowledge the positive aspects of the revolution's reform measures. The visitor to Cuba cannot escape the fact that a large portion of the Havana bourgeoisie is unbelievably ignorant of the changes which have come about in the lives of the farm worker, the tenant, the sharecropper, and the *guajiro* (the landless agricultural wage worker). The well-to-do in Havana are largely blinded by a mindless urban provincialism; it is significant, for example, that in place of the word "country," or "rural district," the exotic phrase, "the interior," is common usage. And a trip to the "interior" for the *Habanero* assumes an importance all out of proportion to the actual distances and discomforts involved. As a result, few are willing to take the trouble to witness the transformation of the countryside at first hand.

For example, one otherwise astute lawyer insisted that the sugar workers had always been within reach of satisfactory medical care. He argued that Castro's policy of sending all new medical school graduates (who numbered 305 in the last class) to the dispensaries on the cooperatives for a six-month tour is solely a political move designed to placate an undisciplined peasantry. Yet the truth is that few doctors had been willing to set foot on the countryside; an urban practice was far too lucrative. For instance, in Cuba Libre, a cooperative in Matanzas province, *everyone* had suffered from hookworm or one of the deficiency diseases before the doctor arrived last February. This was not the fantasy of the medical cadre; rather it was verified by my traveling companions, who were themselves doctors, after an examination of the patients' records.

A large segment of the urban middle-classes are informed about working-class life only by their own servants, or by hotel workers and taxi drivers—precisely those elements one would expect to equate their interests with those of their employers—and are therefore misled as to the revolution's true accomplishments. For them, Cuba's future under Castro is

unmitigatedly dark. "I don't mind my own predicament"—this is a standard response—"but Castro isn't doing the ordinary person any good either."

The attitude of others, though—the man who termed the old system as "decrepit" is an example—is not wholly unambivalent. They realize that some type of land reform was long overdue. They are impressed with the government's honesty in the handling of public funds (the new budget which will be made public shortly, the Planning Board's first accomplishment, is Cuba's first since 1937). They are surprised that the regime can function with a minimum of physical coercion and an absence of police torture. What can be viewed as a sort of class guilt has conditioned their response to the entire range of revolutionary political and economic measures.

What are the sources of this class guilt? It must be stressed that the Cuban middle-classes have never led an existence independent of United States' economic interests on the island. Sharing in the material rewards of capitalist development, they have rarely held, nor could they aspire to, the really important seats of economic power; U.S. banks and manufacturers have run large sectors of the Cuban economy from a distance. Almost forty per cent of Cuba's sugar cane output, for example, was processed in thirty U.S.-owned refineries. More than half a million acres were owned by a single combine, the American Sugar Refining Company. U.S. investors had monopolized electric power (American and Foreign Power Company), communications (International Telephone and Telegraph), and chemicals (Freeport Sulphur); dominated mining, metals, oil, fruits, and light industry. This control, an old and well-documented story, naturally carried over into the island's political life. Washington's hostility has in the past toppled Cuban governments; its approval has been sufficient to sustain unpopular regimes.

In addition, over-specialization in sugar has deprived the island of secondary and satellite industries, together with the class of small businessmen necessary to their operation. It was in the United States where the primary products were processed and sold (sugar refining is the obvious example). Hence the pattern of colonial investment divested Cuba of still another source of social and political stability—a strong and viable national bourgeoisie.

As a result, the conservatism, the sense of responsibility and permanence, the idea of the "long-view," all so characteristic of the U.S. middle-classes, do not find a place in Cuban bourgeois ideology. Material wealth devoid of political power has shaped the lives of Havana's rich and near-rich into a kind of night-club nihilism. These factors combined with an extraordinary flair for self-dramatization and a great potential for violence—demonstrated time and time again—will in the opinion of many soon elicit an open terroristic opposition to Castro's government. Yet, there may be reasons to regard this view as unrealistic.

It will be recalled that the attitude of a large, but unknown, portion of the middle-classes is ambivalent. To be sure, they oppose Castro now, but they must be classed as "moderates." While they add prestige to opposition claims, by virtue of their "moderation" they have no means of expression, since they do not want to be considered active counter-revolutionaries, nor do they feel at ease with the extremists. Politically homeless, they do not as yet figure prominently in counter-revolutionary politics.

In addition, the middle-classes—particularly the moderates—still do not appear to comprehend the full

implications of the revolution. Amazingly enough, they do not understand that what they are witnessing is revolutionary socialism and that as a result they are finished *as a class*. There is no independent army to inhibit the revolution's left-wing (as in Venezuela), nor is there a residual latifundia or important property-owning peasantry to brake the revolution's momentum (as in Mexico). Even now, it is too late for the national bourgeoisie as a whole to come to terms with the revolution; six months ago there remained the possibility that the trade associations, professional groups, and chambers of commerce could integrate themselves into it. When the full truth is brought home (and this will occur in the near future), they will no longer acquiesce in Castro's daily decrees.

As the chastening effect of middle-class guilt is diluted by the impact of the government's single-minded drive toward a centrally-planned economy, the opposition will grow in number and gain in coherence and intensity. Many non-socialists employed by the government itself, including doctors, technicians, and administrators, will at that point attempt to arrest Castro's excesses. How authoritarian the island's political life will become—and given the political style of the Cuban bourgeoisie, it is difficult to be optimistic about this question—depends on the specific forms the opposition takes. And, most important of all, the answer depends on whether the overall economy holds up under the strains and tensions imposed on it by the revolutionary planners and by the economic warfare against Cuba to which the United States has reverted.

It is important to recall that the middle-classes are small in numbers compared to the total Cuban population. And—aside from those whose livelihood depends on tourism, personal servants, and the like—*at the moment* they command no support among other classes. There are petty opportunists in the government, but they are isolated either physically or ideologically. A large portion of the university faculty is quietly anti-Castro, but they have been frustrated by the Student Federation. Castro's most avid opponents among the intellectuals are older men, who have spent a lifetime in politics. The students, while divided among themselves, remain pro-Castro. Moreover, the middle-classes have no allies in the police or army; left-over Batista elements have been completely swept away. The country prosecutors and judges are nearly all Fidelistas. The new class of farm owner-operators (former tenants, sharecroppers, and squatters) are wholly loyal to the revolution.

For all that, from three classes—which among them undoubtedly make up a majority of Cuba's population of six million—Castro lays claim to only passive support in the sense of a continuing commitment to the revolution. These are the urban working-class, the town-dwelling agricultural wage workers, and the farm owners small enough to have been bypassed by expropriation decrees.

The fortunes of the urban workers have been closely bound up with private enterprise; as a result, in terms of wages and employment, many have shared their employers' economic distress.

The economic condition of the second group has unquestionably improved. Yet the members of the cooperatives, making up roughly half of all farm workers, are the main beneficiaries of agrarian reform and a rationalized agriculture. While some day laborers have had their hours of work reduced as much as thirty-five per cent, and others have enjoyed modest increases in wages, improvements in their over-all material condition have been spotty and insufficient. Better off in absolute terms, their lot has probably been impaired compared with that of the *cooperativistas*. Ultimately, they will be integrated with the cooperatives and the industrial labor force.

As for the farm owner-operators, while they are now assured of markets and transportation facilities, INRA has revealed a willingness to expropriate their independence, if not their lands.

Yet at least until now, Castro has been able to count all three groups in his camp; there is no question that the Cuban masses are still behind the revolutionary government — despite the mass anti-Castro hysteria in the United States, and press reports to the contrary. One important reason is that Castro has profited immeasurably from the former extreme inequalities in Cuba's distribution of income combined with the enormous amount of unused economic capacity (before the revolution, roughly fifty per cent of Cuba's arable land lay idle). Redistribution of wealth in the direction of greater equality has tended to raise per capita income, mainly in the form of goods and services consumed in common (housing, health, and educational facilities, for the most part). But a sustained rise in real income can be brought about only by enlarging the national income pie; it can be reapportioned only once. Moreover, at some future date, perhaps sooner than the planners expect, Cuba will run out of idle capacity; the first bottleneck will probably be the labor supply.

Once this stage in Cuba's development is reached, any permanent improvement in the material condition of the urban worker must await planned industrialization on a broad scale, a long-run affair; in that of the rural wage-worker, on a continuing rise in agricultural productivity.

Hence a serious failure in the economy could transform the passive support of these important classes into a passive hostility. As a result, the middle-classes, ready with leadership and purpose, might find valuable allies. The United States would undoubtedly use these developments as a justification for stepping up its offensive against the revolution. In that event, if the solidarity of the Cuban working people is undermined, the government machinery, resting as it does on the will of the people, might be rendered helpless. Whether the bourgeoisie can transform their own hostility into a coherent and effective opposition therefore depends on potential working-class support, and a *de facto* alliance with the United States government, which, in turn, hinges on Cuba's economic future.

"Me worry? I give The Progressive for Christmas"

(see back cover)

Did the Press Kill Caryl Chessman?

by MELVIN MARTIN

IT IS OFFICIALLY recorded that Caryl Whittier Chessman, subject of possibly the most extensively litigated case in the annals of American criminal law, was killed by "the administration of lethal gas." But there is evidence suggesting that the true cause of Chessman's death may have been an overdose of journalistic sensationalism.

The question of what really killed the thirty-eight-year-old convict-author is more than academic. The issue has a significance that extends far beyond the boundaries of criminal justice. For if press-induced hysteria rather than objective legal procedures determined the outcome of the case, there is cause to be concerned about the destructive potential of such a powerful force at other times and places. And it should be of special concern to a world in possession of suicidal bombs that can be ignited in the heat of a relatively minor emotional outburst.

This is the story of the hysteria surrounding the Chessman case and the apparent journalistic origins of that social madness, a case study of errors and distortions which, through repetition in the press over a period of years, won acceptance by millions of persons as indisputable facts. It is a tragedy of newsmen who perpetuated the virulent myths and then moved on in the faith that ideas so widely accepted about such a well-known man must have been substantially true.

To begin with, it is widely believed that no condemned man ever had more opportunity to vindicate himself. In the words of columnist Vincent X. Flaherty of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, "no felon ever had a greater run of luck." Yet even a casual examination of Chessman's allegedly lucky streak reveals a life of almost unrelieved tragedy.

Chessman's first fifteen years of life were marked by extreme poverty and acute attacks of bronchial asthma, encephalitis, and diphtheria. The son of a crippled mother and an ineffectual father who twice attempted suicide, Chessman became a reckless delinquent. He joined with other youths in car thefts, burglaries, and armed robberies. He consequently spent seventeen of his remaining twenty-three years in a forestry camp, a reform school, a road camp, a county jail, three state prisons, and death row.

His last period of freedom, forty-six days, was ended on the night of January 23, 1948, when Los Angeles police caught him driving a stolen car with another parolee. He admitted that he had been engaged in the robbery of several gambling establishments. But he was charged instead with the crimes of the "Red Light Bandit," a sometimes-masked gunman who preyed on couples in lovers' lanes, using a police-type spotlight on his car to disarm his victims.

Under California's "Little Lindbergh Act," Chessman was accused of kidnaping with bodily injury for the purpose of robbery. In one of the allegedly capital crimes, a $50 holdup and sex attack, the "Red Light Bandit" had moved a woman from her escort's car to his vehicle. In the second instance, he had abandoned the monetary objective in favor of another sex assault, then had driven the young woman to the vicinity of her home. In no case had anyone been held for ransom. And the abductions patently had been for the purpose of carnal abuse, not robbery. But, through the efforts of a zealous prosecutor, J. Miller Leavy, Chessman received two death sentences as a "kidnap-robber."

The "lucky" prisoner had to wait nine years in a small death cell, surviving six execution dates, before the United States Supreme Court ruled that California had not granted him his constitutional rights. And, by the time the state gave the appellant his "day in court," it simply may have been too late. For years the target of ugly headlines and ferocious editorials, Chessman had become a symbol of crime itself. The local community had developed so much hatred and fear of him that it became a considerable political risk to see any merit at all in his defense. And the officials who held Chessman's life in their hands were more than somewhat politically inclined.

The central figure of authority in the closing months of the case was California's Governor Edmund G. Brown, at that time hopeful for nomination to the Presidency of the United States. These are the phases of Brown's extraordinary role in the case, starting with the beginning of his reform administration in 1959:

PHASE ONE: Brown declared himself an opponent of capital punishment but pledged to uphold the law.

MELVIN MARTIN is a pseudonym of a Californian who watched the Caryl Chessman case at close range and had unusual opportunities to discuss developments with many of the principals.

He granted commutations to four condemned murderers, mainly on the ground of questionable mental responsibility, and to two robbery-sex offenders largely because they had been condemned under the same twisted definition of kidnaping as Chessman. This phase is almost completely ignored by the press.

PHASE TWO: In August, 1959, Governor Brown told me he was concerned about the morality of killing Chessman after the prisoner already had served more time than the average convicted murderer. Two months later, while presiding at a Chessman clemency hearing prior to the seventh execution date, Brown expressed doubt that the legislature intended to exact death for crimes such as the offenses of the "Red Light Bandit." But the California press launched an anti-clemency campaign against Chessman, with the Los Angeles *Times* editorially suggesting that the Governor "have some reservations about turning the creature loose on the community." Three days after that editorial, Brown announced that he had been "unable to find a basis for clemency." But Chessman won a stay from the United States Supreme Court.

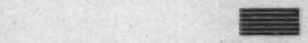
PHASE THREE: At the approach of Chessman's eighth appointment with the gas chamber—February 19, 1960—pro-commutation letters, telegrams, and petitions poured into the Governor's office from around the world. More than two million signatures arrived from the single metropolitan center of Sao Paulo, Brazil. A State Department official warned Brown that President Eisenhower might face hostile demonstrations during an imminent tour of South America if Chessman should be executed. Brown granted a sixty-day reprieve, later advising a newsman that he long had been "doubting the righteousness" of his original denial of clemency.

PHASE FOUR: California newspapers that had barely mentioned Governor Brown's full-fledged commutations to murderers now proclaimed the mere postponement of Chessman's execution with headlines nearly as big as those used to announce the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Brown was excoriated in editorials and denounced in a huge wave of constituent mail. He was flayed on radio, television, and lecture platforms, and booed at public appearances. He became the target of a recall movement, and, along with Chessman, was hanged in effigy. Brown commented to me: "I've never seen so many people want a person killed." He told another reporter: "I don't like to think that everything I've done will go down the drain because of Chessman."

PHASE FIVE: Prominent personalities in the fields of religion, psychiatry, and law appealed to Brown to halt the execution permanently by asking the California Supreme Court for the authority to lessen Chessman's sentence to life imprisonment without possibility of parole. (The Court's majority approval was necessary under state law because Chessman had a prior felony record.) In another clemency move, a group of eminent attorneys asked Brown to extend the reprieve thirty days, at which time a Supreme Court replacement was expected to result in a majority voting for commutation.

PHASE SIX: Brown repeatedly rejected clemency arguments with the statement, "My hands are tied." In response to his steadfast refusal to act, the Los Angeles *Examiner* wrote: "We salute and commend the governor." On May 2, two hours before the scheduled execution, Brown was confronted by clemency demonstrators outside the executive mansion. One of the demonstrators, a former prison psychiatrist named Isidore Ziferstein, asked the Governor if he really stood for or against clemency. Brown responded, "That is a very difficult question, and I don't know how to answer it." Then, even while a Federal judge was placing a call to the San Quentin warden to order a half-hour reprieve to consider further court action, Chessman was sealed in the gas chamber and slain in a manner prescribed by law.

Was Brown a hypocrite, a coward, or a sincere and tortured man caught in the web of a moral dilemma? The ultimate answer to that question remains between the Governor and his conscience. As a political leader dependent on votes and obligated to a party organization that had enabled him to rise to power, there was no doubt that he had been forced to make his decision under extremely unfavorable conditions. In a society dedicated to the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number, he seemed compelled to weigh Chessman's life against potential damage to a political program affecting millions of persons. It is possible, then, that history's judgment will be that irresponsible molders of mass opinion gave Brown no choice but to let Chessman die. Even if it is determined that the Governor failed in a moral obligation to oppose the mob regardless of consequences, there never can be any doubt that the press was at least partly responsible for the fact that there *was* a mob.



The momentum of the Fourth Estate's anti-Chessman juggernaut can be deduced from the fact that some California newspapers continued to fulminate against the man *following* the execution. Although he already had been reduced to ashes, he was indicted anew as a "loathsome criminal" and a "horror thug." One Los Angeles metropolitan daily solemnly warned that "he will continue to heckle us from beyond the grave."

The journalistic sound and fury at the close of the case made it difficult to believe that Chessman originally had been a minor news personality. Chessman's name first became a major factor in newsstand sales in May, 1954, six years after his conviction and sentence. That was the month his first book, *Cell 2455, Death Row*, was published. That was the month he won a court reprieve fifteen and a half hours before his scheduled execution. And that was the month that the California newspapers began to display prominently the most inflammatory distortion of the entire case. According to a typical version of the

distortion, from the Los Angeles *Mirror*, "his vicious sex crimes have driven one of his victims into a madhouse."

A victim of the "Red Light Bandit," seventeen-year-old Mary Alice Meza had been committed to a state mental hospital a year and eight months after the offense. No definite link ever was established between the two events. But many California newspapers made the connection appear indisputable by falsely reporting that the girl had entered the institution "shortly after the attack," or by evasively stating that she had gone to the hospital "after the crime."

During the next six years, the distortion about the girl's mental illness was repeated by scores of newspapers, newscasters, and news magazines throughout the nation. During the weeks following Brown's reprieve of Chessman, Gerald W. Johnson of the *New Republic* accused Chessman of dispatching the young woman "to the living death of a madhouse"; syndicated columnist George Sokolsky charged that "one of Chessman's victims is insane from having experienced a bout with him"; and *Time* magazine published the grimly ambiguous statement that "the girl later sank into schizophrenia."

It was the California press that played the madhouse theme most vigorously. For example, four days after the Brown reprieve, the San Diego *Union* ran an editorial stating that Chessman had "smashed" Mary Alice Meza's sanity. Alongside the editorial was a cartoon that depicted the girl sitting disebnsolate and alone in a dark, cell-like room that was supposed to represent her hospital environment. The cartoon caption read: "No Reprieve for Her."

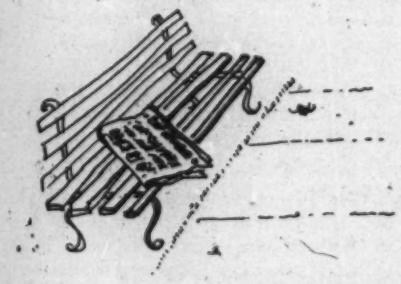
Overlooked in all these statements was the finding of Dr. George N. Thompson, an associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California. Dr. Thompson was a consultant to the State Superior Court in Los Angeles at the time the girl's psychosis became known to the authorities.

"It is my opinion," Dr. Thompson wrote to Governor Brown October 13, 1959, in reference to his examination of the girl a decade earlier, "that this patient was so mentally ill that her schizophrenic psychosis would have developed regardless of any alleged attempted rape. The argument that [the "Red Light Bandit"] 'took a mind' is invalid."

The girl's mother, who was divorced when Mary Alice was only two years old and did not remarry until after the girl had been sent to the institution, insisted to me that the press was accurate in blaming Chessman for her daughter's insanity. She admitted that she never had found a doctor who agreed with her. She said she just *knew* it was true from her own reasoning, and she asked, "What else could possibly make a child turn against its own mother?"

The mother confided that the press *had* been wrong in quoting her as saying that she believed news of Chessman's death would help restore sanity to the girl. I asked the woman why, during the more than half-dozen years that the inaccuracy was being published, she never had bothered to correct it. She said she didn't feel it was her responsibility. So the distortion survived, with the Los Angeles *Mirror* misinforming its readers as late as a month before the execution that Mary Alice's mother was "convinced her daughter will recover when Chessman is dead."

According to another prevalent myth perpetuated by the press, Chessman was convicted of rape. He was depicted in California newspapers as a "celebrated rapist" (Los Angeles *Times*), "kidnap-rapist" (Los Angeles *Mirror*), "notorious kidnaper and



rapist" (Los Angeles *Examiner*), and "brutal bandit-rapist" (San Diego *Union*).

It is possible that rape was committed by a "Red Light Bandit"; the Los Angeles *Times* and the Hollywood *Citizen-News* in 1948 quoted police as stating that there were two such personages. But, in both offenses for which Chessman was condemned, the victims persuaded the bandit not to pursue coitus, but rather submitted to other demands.

The most complicated aspect of the Chessman story involved the constitutional arguments that kept the case and Chessman alive for so many years. These details were a mental challenge to the nation's most astute legal scholars, let alone reporters and rewrite men. Perhaps, then, it should not have been surprising that many journalists responded to the challenge by falling back on that handy headline cliche, the "legal loophole."

The belief that Chessman had remained alive more than a decade solely as a result of discovering "legal loopholes" was expressed in these words by several California newspapers and newscasters and some national magazines. The Los Angeles *Times* reduced Chessman's legal arguments to "quibbles," and radio commentator Virgil Pinkley dismissed them as "bickering." Los Angeles *Examiner* columnist Flaherty wrote that Chessman was "a criminal who really had his 'day in court,' using every legal loophole at his command."

Unheeded by the "loophole" chorus was an historic decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court on June 6, 1957, as Chessman was about to begin his tenth year in death row. The Court ruled that he had *"never had his day in court upon the controversial issues of fact and law involved in the settlement of the record upon which his conviction was affirmed."* The nation's highest tribunal also declared that the state of California had "violated [Chessman's] constitutional right to procedural due process" by not having allowed him to be present as his own attorney, a year after the conviction, when the disputed record of the trial had been certified as accurate.

The approval of the record had been made by the trial judge, the late Charles W. Fricke, in the presence of the prosecutor, Mr. Leavy, and a substitute court stenographer, Stanley Fraser. The original stenographer had died of a heart attack before he had transcribed more than a third of

his personalized Pitman shorthand notes. Fraser had been recommended for the $10,000 transcription assignment by the prosecutor, who happened to be Fraser's uncle-in-law.

In the course of the hearing, Chessman uncovered more than 2,000 errors in Fraser's transcript. When Fraser was called to the witness stand, Chessman elicited from him numerous admissions that he had failed to transcribe the dead stenographer's symbols and that he had changed or added symbols. Chessman further established that Fraser had a long record of arrests for drunkenness and drunken driving. And the convict-author had Judge Fricke admit under oath that the court had not known of the relationship between Fraser and the prosecutor at the time Fraser was given the lucrative assignment.

If the state judge who presided at this hearing, Walter R. Evans, had agreed with Chessman that the Fraser transcript should be voided, it would have been a resounding slap in the face of California officialdom. It might have meant a new trial for Chessman. Judge Evans might have become known in the Los Angeles press as "the man who turned the creature loose." But perhaps the public would have accepted the startling news if the newspapers had published the full details and implications of Chessman's victories at the hearing. As it was, the public was kept pretty much in the dark.

"I tried to cover the hearing fairly," a reporter for one of the Los Angeles papers told me. "But my desk wouldn't print Chessman's strong points. They were convinced he was a monster, and I guess they felt it was wrong to publicize anything that might have won sympathy for him."

So, when Judge Evans announced, on February 28, 1958, that he thought the transcript was legally adequate, it came as something of a shock to many reporters and lawyers who had observed the hearing. But it sounded perfectly natural to the ill-informed public.

During the last six months of the case, protests against the impending execution were registered by such influential overseas newspapers as the *Manchester Guardian*, the Stockholm *Expressen* and the Vatican City's *L'Osservatore Romano*, and from

such internationally known individuals as Arthur Koestler, Princess Marie Bonaparte, Andre Maurois, Aldous Huxley, Karl Menninger, and Eleanor Roosevelt. A Federal judge who frequently had rejected Chessman's appeals, Louis E. Goodman, publicly advised Governor Brown that the prisoner had "an impressive case for clemency."

The California press reacted with what seemed to be a desperate counterattack. The Los Angeles *Herald Express* editorially ascribed the intensified clemency campaign to "a giant wave of blubbering sentimentality." The Los Angeles *Times* blamed the protests on "intellectuals," defining the word as "people who think they think." Bill Thomas, feature writer on the Los Angeles *Mirror*, fixed the responsibility for burgeoning clemency sentiment on a "Chessman cult" that was diabolically circulating the falsehood that the convict-author was a genius. The exaggeration of Chessman's superior but not extraordinary I.Q. of 130 actually had been the doing of *anti*-Chessman periodicals throughout the state and nation, including Thomas' own newspaper. And Chessman's I.Q. was boosted all the way to 178 by *Newsweek*. The press repeatedly had referred to Chessman as a "criminal genius," a phrase originally applied to him in an oration delivered to the trial jury by the prosecutor.

The San Francisco *Examiner* published a feature by Jack Lotto that viewed the clemency movement as the work of "pro-Reds and Communists." Jaik Rosenstein, editor of *Hollywood Close-up* magazine, blamed the eighth reprieve on "Communists throughout the world." The local Communist paper, *People's World*, had treated Chessman's case sympathetically, but the sympathy had been much more restrained than that shown by leading *anti*-Communist newspapers in Europe and Latin America. The international clemency movement was led by clergymen, not Communists.

The principal thesis of the hate-Chessman counterattack was that the prisoner was immune to rehabilitation. Readers of California periodicals were assured that Chessman was "a criminal who never did a decent thing in his life" (Santa Monica *Outlook*), "a stealthy, vicious animal" (columnist Flaherty), "a madman" (*Hollywood Close-up*), "a psychopathic degenerate" (Santa Monica *Outlook*), and "a depraved fiend" (Sacramento *Bee*). Editorial writers diagnosed Chessman as "remorseless," "arrogant," "completely amoral," and to quote the Los Angeles *Herald Express*, "just as despicable a character as he was the day he was convicted."

It further was alleged, in a widely published Associated Press story, that Chessman was so unpopular among the prison population that the convicts hanged him in effigy. Yet there never was any demonstration of animosity against Chessman among San Quentin's inmate population. Associate Warden Walter D. Achuff informed me that the effigy in question had been found hanging *outside* the prison grounds, at an abandoned guard tower which was a rendezvous for the town's idle teenagers.

Chessman's detractors did not take into account his pioneering educational projects on behalf of illiterate convicts during a prior term at San Quentin (for which he was strongly commended to me by the wife of the then warden Clinton Duffy), his legal assistance to other condemned men, and an autobiography hailed by literary critics as a milestone in criminological literature.

I spent approximately thirty hours in private conversation with Chessman from 1957 to 1960. Not once did he snarl, sneer, or salivate. He was polite and cooperative. He exhibited a profound remorse for his early life of crime, and he expressed an intense desire to dedicate his intellectual

talent to creative pursuits. He told me he hoped "some day to graduate from my current level of pamphleteer to that of a serious novelist." In support of this ambition, Chessman displayed a remarkable knowledge of literature, psychology, philosophy, religion, history, politics, and science.

I talked with many other reporters and professional persons who visited Chessman, including death-row physician William F. Graves. No one detected viciousness. All found evidence of rehabilitation. Associate Warden Achuff told me early in 1960 that "Chessman has not been the custodial problem that you might imagine from reading the newspapers." The prison's Catholic chaplain, Father Edward J. Dingberg, told another reporter, "Chessman changed much for the better."

While Chessman was dying, a San Quentin guard told me that "they're killing a man who became a worthwhile human being. He always treated everyone with respect, regardless of the person's importance to him. If I weren't in uniform, I'd be out in front of the prison, helping all those people to demonstrate against this thing."

Continuing with the denigration of Chessman's character, *Time* reported that his "prickly, demanding ego" had prevented him from asking for a commutation. The magazine had not bothered to check its assumption with Chessman. I did.

"For almost twelve years I've been fighting for a new trial so I can prove my innocence," he told me when I visited him January 25, 1960. "The court action is still going on. While I have a chance of going free, I can't work up any enthusiasm for pleading with anyone for the privilege of spending the rest of my life in the prison courtyard. Besides, it would be foolhardy of me to prejudice my case in the courts by seeking mercy as if I were guilty."

Consistent with that statement was the fact that he did send Governor Brown a "do-whatever-your-con-

science-dictates" telegram two days before the eighth execution date, when all apparent court steps had been exhausted.

As Lafayette once observed, the practice of capital punishment is based partly on the myth of human infallibility. Those who advocate any execution are forced, inevitably, into the position of acting as if man occasionally is endowed with a divinely inspired power of certainty. The Chessman case was no exception.

The Los Angeles *Times* editorialized that "there has never been a reasonable doubt, even among his friends, of Chessman's guilt." But there was even more than a reasonable doubt; there was a positive belief in Chessman's innocence among such friends of the man as Dr. Graves, the former San Quentin physician, and Rosalie Asher, the Sacramento County law librarian who helped prepare Chessman's appeals. Moreover, Chessman's guilt was seriously questioned by two veteran courthouse reporters, one of whom was on the staff of the very newspaper so certain there was no reasonable doubt.

Another attempt to erase doubt of Chessman's guilt was a *Time* magazine report that the seventeen-year-old victim, Mary Alice Meza, "unequivocally identified" Chessman. The magazine neglected to point out that the identification had not been made in a lineup, in which her judgment would have been put to at least a superficial test. Because the girl was ill, the suspect was brought to her home and made to stand on the sidewalk while she studied him from a second-story window. It was not difficult for her to determine which of the men looking up at her was the suspect. He wore handcuffs.

It is interesting that none of the papers that blamed Mary Alice's mental illness on the "Red Light" attack ever bothered to report that she therefore must have been at least prepsychotic when she identified Chessman. And only occasional references were made by the press to the following facts: Chessman had no prior record of being accused of a sex offense, and he repeatedly offered to stake his life on the outcome of a lie detector test.

The battleground in the Chessman case also extended to the field of motion pictures. Three months before Chessman's death, an independent Los Angeles film unit produced a documentary film on the case. It was hurriedly put together, but it was an objective and informative piece of work. The local press greeted this venture by *exposing* it. The strange expose started out as a copyright "exclusive" on the front page of the afternoon Los Angeles *Herald Express*. The article stated that Chessman had been allowed to become a "movie star," and that this apparent conspiracy had been engineered "with the connivance if not the approval" of prison officials. The two major morning newspapers in Los Angeles, the *Times* and the *Examiner*, published slightly rewritten versions of the "exclusive" the following day.

The truth was that Chessman had not in any sense been allowed to become a movie star. The prisoner appeared in the film, *Justice and Caryl Chessman*, only in silent, newsreel-style footage. The real star was an actor who portrayed Chessman in dramatic scenes that were filmed at another prison. The rest of the film consisted of narration by Quentin Reynolds and statements delivered by persons who opposed or approved the execution. And Chessman did not make a cent from the enterprise.

During a period of intense anti-Chessman hysteria, in December, 1959, one segment of the Los Angeles press could be observed in the act of biting its own tail. The Los Angeles *Times* editorially snapped at four local veteran court reporters, including its own, who publicly had en-

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(see back cover)

dorsed clemency and had signed an *amicus curiæ* brief on behalf of Chessman with the United States Supreme Court. The reporters were Nadine Mason of the *Times*, Eleanor Garner Black of the *Examiner*, James A. Crenshaw of the *Herald Express*, and Chester Washington of the *Mirror*.

The newspaper denied the reporters' competency to judge the case inasmuch as they "had not even covered the Chessman trial." The editorial failed to note that the maverick journalists had covered the entire 1957-8 transcript hearing, which lasted three times as long as the trial and which focused on the details of Chessman's contentions that his constitutional rights had been denied him.

The four journalists had been antagonistic toward Chessman until they began covering the hearings. Moreover, I became acquainted with two television commentators and a magazine editor who experienced similar conversions when they obtained first-hand knowledge of the story. This evokes the compelling question of why the number of local newsmen who adapted to the facts was so tragically small. Perhaps one of the main reasons was that many members of the working press simply had no chance to acquire a full, sophisticated understanding of the case. Unlike reporters in movie and television dramas, most newsmen cannot devote their full time to a single assignment. They usually must pursue a number of potential stories each day.

Secondly, many newspapermen see the world from the viewpoint of law-enforcement officials, since they associate closely with policemen and prosecutors as vital news contacts. Anyone with the average police or prosecution outlook is understandably disturbed whenever a convict is able to postpone the execution of his sentence. Chessman's unpopularity in law-enforcement circles was intensified by his persistent charges of police brutality and prosecution fraud, accusations he included in his internationally circulated books.

Finally, some journalists may have avoided the facts in the Chessman case because they were as fearful of mass hysteria as was Governor Brown. Newspapers also had something to lose—subscribers—by bucking what appeared to be an inexorable tide of public opinion.

The potential damage of journalistic sensationalism can be quite extensive. A striking example of current ramifications—in relation to crime *prevention*—was outlined for me early in 1960 by the warden of a well-known California prison.

"A large portion of the press indirectly stops us from doing a proper job of protecting the public," the warden said. "There are scores of men in this institution who are psychologically ready for parole in a very short time under our set-up of indeterminate sentences. But if we in the prison and parole system were to free such men when we wanted to, the press would set up an uproar that would cost us our jobs. The editorial writers would accuse us of 'coddling criminals.' So we frequently keep our men beyond the point of rehabilitation, just to satisfy the uneducated public's desire that every offender 'pay his debt.'

"Such prisoners either become resentful or institutionalized. In either case they lose interest in maintaining long-strained family ties. When we finally do release them, they're often much more dangerous than they originally were.

"Of course, we could be courageous. We could release these men earlier, while there's still a good chance to repair their lives with proper parole supervision. But we wouldn't get very far. With the press screaming for our scalps, we'd soon be replaced by the old-style fanatics who used to run prisons in this state. Our replacements probably would do more damage than we are being forced to do. And if you think I'm exaggerating about the power of the sensational press, you just watch what happens to Chessman. Most of the civilized world knows it's wrong to kill that man. But the newspapers won't stop until he's strapped in the chair. You wait and see if the newspapers have their way."

I waited. And I saw.

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Civil Defense: Billion Dollar Boondoggle

by SENATOR STEPHEN M. YOUNG

BUSINESSMEN, American taxpayers, and seasoned poker players agree on one axiom: "Never throw good money after bad."

Government at all levels should apply this maxim in those agencies where expenditures have been demonstrably futile. There is no better place to begin than the wasteful, fantastically muddled Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, with its satellites in state and local governments.

The civil defense program is a grand illusion. In terms of money it is ludicrous. Through diligent and relentless application of poor planning, confused thinking, and colossal ineptitude, the men charged with the defense of civilians in event of war have managed to squander more than one billion dollars of taxpayers' money since 1951, exclusive of one hundred million dollars worth of surplus government property turned over to civil defense agencies. The time has come to abolish this billion dollar boondoggle and adopt a realistic approach to the entire problem of civil defense in this nuclear age.

The indictment of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization reads like a roster of malpractice: waste; inefficiency; unrealistic, in fact schizophrenic, planning; and inability to overcome public apathy which is rapidly burgeoning into widespread public resentment.

The current daily outlay for civil defense activities by the Federal government alone is more than $120,000. State and local funds are spent at approximately the same rate. Other Federal agencies also spend money and devote staff time to civil defense projects. This amounted to six million dollars last year. If Congress had not wisely slashed the OCDM's budgetary request, Federal spending on this useless agency would be doubled for the current year.

Of the appropriated funds, more than sixty per cent is siphoned off for salaries and expenses, much of it to the hacks and defeated office-holders for whom the OCDM has become a convenient and comfortable haven in the political storm. Political has-beens, rejected by their fellow citizens, enjoy top salaries in the Office of Defense Mobilization, and do little except talk vaguely about survival, distribute literature, plan alerts to annoy their neighbors, and distribute countless reams of literature. Some of the plush private offices of even regional Civil Defense directors are enough to make a member of the Congress feel deeply impressed. Interestingly enough, more than forty per cent of the personnel of this agency draw salaries of $10,000 a year or more.

Of the money spent for civil defense, approximately forty per cent is wrung from the taxpayers of states and municipalities, where tax dollars grow increasingly scarce, and where vital programs for schools, hospitals, and housing die for lack of funds. In place of a desperately needed school, many communities may receive a screeching siren, a few stretchers, some two-way radio equipment for civil defense officials to play with, and an occasional alert to confuse the citizenry whether in event of a nuclear attack they should run, or hide —or do both.

Only recently the auditor of the state of Ohio began an audit of the nearly two million dollars in surplus property donated to civil defense organizations in Ohio during the last few years. The result so far is a sad commentary on the entire civil defense program—one I feel sure has been repeated in all of the states receiving similar government property.

In many of the counties, a good percentage of the property could no longer be located. It included barber kits, garbage cans, outdoor lampshades, adding machines, shaving kits, and a thousand other gimcracks of absolutely no use in case of an emergency. Generators, typewriters, adding machines, aluminum pitchers, and sundry other items somehow wound up in the homes of local civil defense directors, county commissioners, or other state and local employes. Hardly any of it was found where it would do any good in a nuclear attack.

Perhaps the whole mess can be best summed up by the following statement in the report on one of the most populous counties in the state: "Opportunity to avail themselves of the various bargains in surplus property has served as an incentive to being in the Civil Defense set-up, we are told."

Senator Paul Douglas pointed out an even more absurd waste of funds in his home state of Illinois. There the Civil Defense Corps of the city of Carpentersville (population 12,000) was given almost $350,000 of Federal surplus property, or more than the Chicago Board of Education received during the entire school year.

At Athens, Ohio, home of Ohio University, there is a new 3,200-foot concrete air strip, built by civil defense at a cost of $195,000. The only hitch is the University doesn't own an airplane. This air strip was intended to handle civil defense air traffic when the university was named last year as the emergency seat of Ohio state government. However, Athens no longer is the official emergency civil defense capital. There is now no specific site, unless some civil

STEPHEN M. YOUNG, United States Senator from Ohio, is a much-decorated veteran of World Wars I and II.

defense official has selected another city within recent weeks.

Only recently, hundreds of thousands of dollars of stockpiled penicillin had to be detroyed because it was found to be useless by the Food and Drug Administration. In Ohio alone more than $100,000 worth has been destroyed thus far with more to come. Hundreds of other stockpiled items which should not have been purchased in the first place are similarly going to waste.

It is the program on the national level that spawns the growth of city and state organizations and multiplies the waste. If we cut off the head of the bureaucratic octopus in Washington, its wasteful satellites in states and cities will soon wither away.

Americans are tired of schemes to provide identification bracelets for teenagers to exchange; of millions of contradictory pamphlets; of screeching sirens; of highly-publicized bomb shelter honeymoons; of policemen loafing on civil defense duties, waiting for a bomb to drop, while many of our city streets are unsafe after dark; of high-salaried boondogglers; of waste and inefficiency; of silly, short-sighted planning — they are tired of the whole confused mess.

In Columbus, the capital of my home state of Ohio, $700,000 of local funds was squandered on a traffic light control system designed to facilitate evacuation in event of a nuclear attack. Local civil defense officials also issued a four and one-half pound, two-inch thick manual for evacuation. If one took the trouble to read it—and I doubt that one in 5,000 residents has—he would learn that he is to hop in his car and leave by the shortest route immediately upon hearing the attack warning.

Can any reasonable person imagine *all* of the nearly half million people in Columbus—or the entire population of any other city—trying to evacuate at one time? Even assuming ample warning time, which is not likely, the chaos would be unbelievable. How many persons fleeing in panic would heed Columbus' $700,000 traffic signals? Or four and a half pounds of evacuation regulations?

What is the basis of civil defense planning? The blunt answer is there is none. Civil defense plans suffer from a bad case of schizophrenia. Unbelievable as it may sound, at one and the same time OCDM advocates both evacuation and shelter programs.

In Cleveland, Ohio, evacuation is preached. Residents are told to flee on highways toward a neighboring city—whose residents are told to flee toward Cleveland. In Buffalo, New York, the program, paradoxically, is to seek shelter—to hide. Do we run, or hide, or both? OCDM has no answer to this question.

The truth is the theory of evacuation in this missile age is not only silly but dangerous. Enemy submarines off our coasts could hurl rockets with nuclear warheads as much as 1,500 miles inland with accuracy. We would be lucky to have three minutes warning.

Intercontinental ballistic missiles fired from within the Soviet Union would take fifteen to eighteen minutes to strike air fields, missile bases, or other targets. It is absurd even to consider the possibilities of evacuation under these circumstances. The thermonuclear weapon, with its tremendous destructive power, and the missile, with its great speed, have now made evacuation not only impractical but impossible.

Yet, in Washington, D.C., and other major American cities last spring, mystified residents received in the mail a map for use in evacuation. Routes and directions were carefully explained, to the confusion of all. No thought was given to the fact that even if the map were deciphered, the monumental traffic jam which would result would practically insure that scarcely a citizen would ever reach the highway outside the city.

At the same time OCDM was distributing its evacuation map, it was beating the drums vigorously, almost hysterically, for a bomb shelter in every backyard. Estimates of various plans range from New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller's modest $20 billion proposal to other authoritative estimates of $100 billion from those experts who, it is to be assumed, would dig deeper and permit greater luxury for a generation of underground Americans.

Governor Rockefeller, probably the most enthusiastic advocate of the shelter theory, actually proposed that the legislature of the state of New York enact laws making it compulsory that every home or building be equipped with a bomb shelter. Now, if a state wants to suggest that citizens build shelters, that is something no one could object to, though one might quarrel with the reasoning. But for government, either state or Federal, to assume the power to force people to build shelters is a sizable intrusion on individual rights. New York's legislators wisely refused to adopt Rockefeller's proposal.

The conditions of modern warfare make shelters of little or no use in saving American lives. Were we to be attacked with intercontinental ballistic missiles with hydrogen warheads, the total destruction and remaining radioactive elements would be such that underground shelters in basements and backyards would offer little, if any, protection. Hundreds of square miles would be covered with deadly contamination, and the lethal effects would last not for hours or weeks, but for months, or even for years.

Shelter enthusiasts have pictured their subterranean suburbia as the sure-fire antidote for nuclear destruction. The fact remains that the most optimistic estimate of the devastation of nuclear attack, despite a network of shelters, places probable death at fifty million Americans with some twenty million others sustaining serious injuries. Significantly, in my own state of Ohio, I know of no civil defense official who himself has taken the trouble to build a shelter.

Assuming for the sake of argument that shelters would save lives, there is no assurance that they would not be outmoded by more advanced weapons or that they would offer any protection against an attack even more deadly than a nuclear attack—biological warfare. Shelters in basements and back yards, even if there were sufficient warning to enable persons to enter them, might prove huge fire traps in urban centers in the colossal conflagration which experts say would certainly follow an atomic attack. Does any responsible government official wish to embark on a $20 to $100 billion questionable gamble under these conditions?

Assuming further that some Ameri-

cans did have shelters that saved their lives in a nuclear war, what sort of world would they come up to? What would have happened to the buildings and to the atmosphere? What would they do for food once their two-week bomb shelter supply was exhausted? This is not a pretty picture to paint, but it is the truth—the cold, hard facts of survival in a nuclear war.

For too long now, our citizens have been confused and confounded with the periodic multi-million dollar doses of psychological pablum administered by the OCDM. This may explain the failure of the American public to take seriously the contradictory programs of this agency. Steadily, Americans have reacted against the hysteria, the alarms, and the practice alerts of the Cassandras in the top echelons of the civil defense agency and their toy-soldier paid underlings in American municipalities. It may indeed be possible to fool people for a while, but they can not be fooled for long. Reaction to the hopeless shenanigans of the OCDM has changed from an early tolerant amusement, willing to suffer the games of an amateur agency, to massive indifference, and finally to boiling indignation over an arrogant bureaucracy which has repeatedly proved itself inept, inefficient, and, as one letter-writer put it to me, "a damned nuisance."

Despite warning signs of growing wrath among Americans, OCDM officials proclaimed the nationwide practice drills last May a huge success. They do not seem to realize that the behavior of most people—those who went along with the game—in a mock attack is not the behavior to expect in the presence of an actual attack. Directions and orders of civil defense officials, heeded automatically in rehearsal, would be ignored in the horror of nuclear war.

All of us can be proud of the hundreds of thousands of patriotic Americans who, as civil defense volunteers, give their time and efforts, often at great risk to themselves, in times of flood, fire, and other natural disasters. I honor those who have performed valuable service while paid civil defense officials directed them from behind desks. These fine men and women can and will render equally needful service as auxiliary firemen, special policemen, and deputy sheriffs. Or, a volunteer national disaster corps could be created to utilize their services — an organization devoted solely to enabling Americans to help their neighbors without the doubtful leadership of the present OCDM. In times of disaster in America neighbors have always come forward as do the Red Cross and other agencies.

The defense of our civilians is a vital part of our national defense—it is too important to be entrusted to civilians wearing arm bands. It should be under the direction of those who know most about defense —the armed forces of the United States. In Canada and in England, the military control civil defense activities. In any case, in the event of a missile attack, a national emergency would be declared and the armed forces would take over.

Next January a new President will take office without commitment to OCDM leaders or to their program. Let us hope that this new Administration will move swiftly to disband the OCDM before it becomes a permanent drain on taxpayers. Its performance in the past makes it clear that the entire problem should be wrested from its hands and should be reappraised with these questions in mind:

¶ Since evacuation is impossible in the event of nuclear attack, would *any* mass shelter program be adequate to protect our civilian population?

¶ If any shelter program is practical at a cost within attainment, considering our national needs and objectives, how should it be implemented?

¶ If a shelter program is not practical in this frame of reference, what can we reasonably do beyond education to help our citizens in event of nuclear war?

¶ As the defense of American civilians is a major factor in the defense of our country, should this responsibility be entrusted to our armed forces? Are not trained military officers better qualified to save the lives of civilians in time of war rather than bureaucrats enjoying fat salaries as civil defense officials?

Coupled with these efforts, we should initiate a vigorous and continuing campaign of education on realistic self-protection in a nuclear war using all the media of communication at our command—television, radio, newspapers, magazines, and our schools.

In my view, no civil defense program will adequately protect our citizenry should war strike. The survival of 180 million Americans—indeed, of all mankind—depends not on civil defense but on peace. It depends not on futile shelter programs inspired by a caveman complex, but on solid, workable international agreements to disarm. Shelter building represents a psychology of fear. We ought to be talking about building homes for our people rather than hoodwinking them with foolish prattle about underground shelter. We should be considering ways to feed the two-thirds of humanity who go to bed hungry every night rather than telling Americans to store away a two-weeks supply of food in useless holes in the ground. Instead of wasting untold billions on a national network of bomb shelters, we should put just a portion of these dollars into forging links of friendship with other peoples. The friendship we shall earn will contribute far more to our safety than shelters to jump into after it is too late. It is interesting to note that many of those who talk the loudest about civil defense talk the least about peace.

Civil defense today is a myth. It is based on theories as antiquated as mustache cups, tallow dips, and civil war cannon balls. In the nuclear age, there can be no realistic civil defense program. We must devote our efforts to the utmost toward finding a peaceful solution to the world's problems. It is our only permanent shelter.

Cut it out!
And mail it to
The Progressive
for Christmas
(see back cover)

THE FORCES BEHIND THE GROWTH DEBATE

by EDWARD T. CHASE

WHY DID the recent election debate center, as never before in our history, on the economic growth rate and "public poverty versus private affluence"? Consider the remarkable degree to which this subject not only preoccupied Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon but also the columnists and editorialists. The underlying issue of the efficacy of the price-market system as the supreme arbiter of man's destiny—this is what the issue boils down to—has been the grand question of political economy for a century and a half. Why did it suddenly move from scholarly treatises to the daily headlines?

As Francis Bator, professor of economics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, reminds us in his book, *The Question of Government Spending*, from Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill, to Pareto, Wicksell and, latterly, Oscar Lange, Lerner (A.P., not Max), and Samuelson, the problem of reconciling freedom and security (or social justice) has been a persistent, overshadowing factor, even in economic discourse. What new conditions in the America of 1960 brought it to the forefront?

There are several easy answers to the question. Certainly the current prominence of the growth issue is partially explicable in terms of the Cold War—our national anxiety over winning technological and productive ascendancy; and, more importantly, perhaps, our urge to demonstrate to the newly emergent nations the superiority of our system over the Soviet's in supplying goods and employment. This is an important reason. So also have been the persuasive new formulations of the "issue" by Professor John K. Galbraith, above all, and by Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (see *The Progressive*, September, 1960), Walter Lippmann, and other liberal pundits.

Important, too, in dramatizing the issue have been the repeated assaults on American "mass culture" by our very best viewers-with-alarm. What a galaxy! Russell Lynes, Dwight Macdonald, David Riesman, Daniel Bell, W. H. Whyte, Jr., C. Wright Mills, Vance Packard, David Potter, Eric Larrabee, Frank Gibney, John Keats, and a score of lesser known names, all suggesting from one approach or another that, whatever its other effects, the price-market system as the cardinal dynamic in our society is a corrupting cultural force.

It takes more than journalists and social scientists to establish a national issue, though. The issue could never have so dominated the political scene if it were a purely ideological matter or an editorial fad. It had to be imposed upon us by concrete realities of our times.

Two fundamental pressures have produced the concrete realities and explain this dominance of the growth-public-poverty-private-affluence issue. Oddly, the two pressures have not been discussed in the context of this growth debate. Yet, it is necessary that they be discussed if we are to make full sense of the debate. Otherwise it remains a battle of slogans, which is what happened during the campaign. The first pressure is the effect of postwar *technological progress;* the second is *demographic change*, specifically population growth and the shift in both the age complexion of the American population and its new locus in giant urban areas.

The reason it is important to understand the "material" bases of the growth argument is that the facts give a compelling foundation to the liberal position, namely that the problem is not one of growth alone so much as a qualitative change in that growth. The facts also belie the cautionary arguments on the right (for example, Hayek, *Fortune*, and the Republicans' fiscal strategists) that the price-market system is a fragile and sacred device that we modify through government action only at our mortal peril.

The pervasive influence of these two basic pressures of technology and population can be illustrated in half a dozen areas in the American scene that have taken on a new and critical importance: medical care, transportation, urban rehabilitation, television broadcasting, education, and land use.

Take medical care. Its cost has far outdistanced general postwar inflation. Hospital costs, which have mounted relentlessly by five per cent year in, year out, and are the biggest single factor in the medical cost spectrum, have been reliably estimated as bound to rise another fifty per cent by 1967. The prime reason is the revolution in medical technology: expensive new equipment, fantastically complex new techniques such as open heart surgery, newly required technical personnel, and wonder drugs. This technological advance in turn has decisively modified the death rate; the group of sixteen million people over sixty-five is now the largest, most rapidly growing segment of the population. But the elderly have largely been retired from the productive labor force (again largely a technological consequence). Hence, eighty per cent have incomes under $2,000; sixty per cent, incomes under $1,000.

Meanwhile, only forty to fifty per cent have even partial health insurance coverage; the remainder, none. Not only can they not afford it. Neither can the insurance industry, operating in the price-market system, afford to insure them at premium rates on which the companies can break even, let alone make any profit. "Growth" in the private sector, through the free enterpirse system

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Richard Nixon boasted about, won't solve this conundrum; it does not touch it. There is a mechanical impasse. Thus we witness the classic confrontation: the price-market system unable to supply an essential service; the only alternative, if we are to meet the need in the foreseeable future, support from the government, in all probability at the Federal level in view of state financial limitations.

Or take the transportation problem. In our metropolitan areas, where two-thirds of our population now resides, public mass transportation systems—commuter rail lines, subways, and busses—are fast becoming deficit operations, requiring in many instances heavy subsidies, tax relief, and, increasingly, outright purchase and operation by government. America's prodigious technological accomplishment in proliferating paved highways and private automobiles has all but throttled public passenger transportation, at least as a profit venture.

Apart from the appalling peripheral consequences this development has had upon our environment (congestion, air and land pollution, shattering of neighborhoods, ugliness), the deficiencies of mass transportation pose a grave threat to the economy, since transportation is a critical factor in a nation's economic health. "Hands off; let growth in the private sector solve this"—this once again is a palpably impossible solution. Government intervention, if we care to save the day, has become essential. What's more, such intervention must embrace planning and operational direction on financing as well, or the imbalance between public and private transportation will persist and grow.

In the case of urban rehabilitation, the ingenuity of the Title I approach, enlisting forces from the private sector, should not obscure the point that only such government intervention has been capable of achieving results. Alone, the price-market system would remain inert when challenged to renew our cities. Yet what challenge has a higher priority? Without the nourishment of profit, of course, the system does not function, and it is sophistry of a dangerous order to suggest that, in the long run, effective demand will somehow register even in the complicated and immensely expensive task of rebuilding our cities. The truth is that even in the short run much that is worthwhile in our cities will die without prompt, substantial, thoroughly planned government aid. The shift to metropolitan areas, the population boom, and the concurrent reliance upon automotive transport have made the urban crisis too formidable to be left to laissez-faire.

Television presents another interesting challenge because it demonstrates in a unique way a kind of dilemma the price-market system creates when its dynamic—profit—directly contradicts the justification of the institution it is supposed to maintain. In television, technology has provided us with perhaps the ultimate in conveying immediate intelligence about the realities of our world. Yet we have so far proved incapable of devising a method of financing this precious medium that does not cripple its essential quality. The price-market system depends today as never before upon the successful *marketing* of goods and services (as it once did upon production). To that sacred cause television must be dedicated. And the logic of the system, accordingly, is that truth and reality rank second to the mission of salesmanship, of selling to the widest possible mass audience. Furthermore, television as a sales force, by the condition of its being sustained by the private enterprise price-market system, is confined to promoting private goods, not public goods. Thus this great new stimulus to growth is limited in its stimulus to exacerbating the very imbalance of private goods over community services that is bedeviling our culture.

The example of education, where our school system must meet an unparalleled population boom, is too well known to require elaboration. As a practical matter, the inadequacy of the price-market system to rectify the scandalously low levels of teacher pay and school construction is now accepted even by Neanderthals of the far right. The only question is the mechanics, not the principle, of funneling tax monies into teacher salaries. The principle of massive Federal aid has been won more as a consequence, sadly enough, of Sputnik than of a vision of a better society.

Our final instance of an area in which new issues are created owing to the impact of technological progress and demographic change—land use—presents a new notion to Americans, still bemused with vestigial fantasies of the frontier. Land use planning (which is the antecedent to city planning and transportation planning, since land use determines traffic volume) has become a new national priority only in the recent past as we witnessed the end of our open land as well as irremediable debasement of presently used land.

In no conceivable way can the famed "invisible hand" of the price-market system intervene beneficently here. It requires legislative and executive intercession. One of our best social critics, William H. Whyte, Jr., author of *The Organization Man* and *The Exploding Metropolis*, has become so exercised by the problem that he has carried on a one-man crusade to try to persuade state legislatures to create funds to "lease" land use rights from farmers and other open land holders. This may still become a popular movement. But as David Riesman states in his *Abundance for What?*, we do not quite yet have "a culture in which the desire for quality in urban and rural landscape justifies conservation not only of a few natural grandeurs and historical mementos, but of the textures (and aesthetic values generally) which have been built over generations into whole regions and cities . . . what is lacking is not only the willingness to tax and spend for such collective purposes—purposes that will outlive any one of us—but also the kind of political and cultural organization to accomplish anything like so radical a change with no apparent crisis to make our 'needs' visible and dramatic."

In his essay, Riesman suggests we need some new political devices to solve the problems that are precipitated by profound technological and demographic changes. This is significant because it suggests the pervasive reluctance of minds even as flexible as Riesman's to admitting the necessity for "big" government, for a new federalism. With the single exception

of television's curious dilemma (direct pay TV offers the best promise here), the active leadership of central government is required to solve the problems I have noted. This is an unpleasant prospect for many of us, yet not quite so unpleasant as the prospect of our nation in decline. It must be faced, and it can be faced once it is understood in pragmatic terms, as a new social necessity, not as an ideological abstraction.

Since the agents of the price-market system are the corporations that produce our goods and services and employ our people, it might be said that the true polarity is between the corporations, with their prime obligation to returning a profit to their shareholders, and our government, with its unlimited responsibility to the total population. Adolf A. Berle, Jr., perhaps our most thoughtful analyst of the corporation, has suggested recently, in *Power Without Property*, that an evolution is occurring in which the boards of directors and the management of corporations are now being increasingly guided by the "public consensus"—what's good for everybody, not just what's profitable—with the inference that somehow this will compensate for the previous deficiencies of the market system in meeting public needs. Berle has developed support among other theorists for this position and has called down the wrath of the purists who see the uninhibited profit motive as the keystone of our culture. But in the examples of public problems noted earlier we find that this is wishful thinking and practically a mechanical impossibility, given the conditions of the price-market system.

Where Berle gets closest to the mark is in his notion of a national governmental planning authority coordinating all our present regulatory agencies. In effect this is conceding the need for central direction, for government playing that bigger role in our lives that even doctrinaire New Dealers nowadays seem afraid to admit. Why must there be this augmented role for the Federal government if we are to win the growth-rate battle and end the imbalance between the private and public sectors? Because, as we have seen, there is no substitute device capable of dealing with the perpetrations of modern technology and demographic change. Because the resultant more complex society and economy are composed of specialized activities so intimately interdependent and interrelated that central planning and financing become crucial if we are to avoid chaos and inordinate waste. This is by no means an altogether happy prospect, given the inevitable inefficiencies of bureaucracy and the degree to which individualism will be inhibited. In his recent book, *The Future as History*, Robert L. Heilbronner has clarified all this with an unmatched brilliance and originality. It is his premise that we can cope with these dangers only if we have the courage and candor to understand and face them. This is the view advanced here.

Is it a cataclysm that we are suggesting? Hardly. Two close students of the matter, Francis Bator in his *The Question of Government Spending* and David Demarest Lloyd in his *Spend and Survive*, demonstrate that we have in recent years spent a small, indeed too small, share of the gross national product on public outlays; that it has certainly not inhibited growth in the private sector of the economy; and that there is evidence (there is evidence on both sides of this question) that the share of G.N.P. spent on public services has if anything decreased in recent years. Lloyd's estimate is that we are now spending about $145 billion of our $500 billion G.N.P. publicly, which is hardly an inordinate percentage in the light of other Western countries' experience. The statistics are irrelevant: there is evident need that the percentage is insufficient given the social inadequacies so apparent in even a cursory examination of the environment around us.

In this modern day it is asking the impossible of the price-market system to have it tend to all our private needs and ensure security and social justice as well. Central planning backed by adequate financing at the Federal level is no longer a proposition that serious politicians can only admit in private and evade in public. Economist W. Allen Wallis, consultant to President Eisenhower and top wheel of the Cabinet Committee on Price Stability for Economic Growth, said recently: "One of the more pretentious versions of the 'needs' argument is that we have shameful public squalor in the midst of vulgar private opulence. This argument has a strong authoritarian smell, an odor of desire to enforce the advocates' tastes on others through governmental machinery. It is reminiscent of groups abroad that used government power to burn other people's books, but our group wants to burn other people's tail fins. . . . The public squalor argument is, in fact, simply this decade's battle cry of socialism, which—intellectually bankrupt after more than a century of seeing one after another of its arguments for socializing the *means* of production demolished—now seeks to socialize the *results* of production."

What the "new conservatives" and traditionalists who equate a larger Federal role with totalitarianism or creeping socialism forget are the restraints and deprivations imposed in the earlier days of unregulated capitalism when excessive concentrations of wealth and power created unbearable hardships for the masses of industrial workers. No one would deny and most would acknowledge sadly that planning does indeed curb certain freedoms. What is more pertinent is that the pure price-market system by itself is seen to be capable of imposing subtle, indirect, but far greater curbs on man's freedom. For one thing, as we have shown, it is not responsive to a number of basic community needs. It leaves them untouched. And freedom means freedom not only *from* restraints but freedom to enjoy minimal conditions for self-fulfillment—such matters as tolerable urban housing, efficient inexpensive public transportation, adequate medical care, and an education equal to the demands of the modern age. For another, we know the unregulated and undirected market system creates monopoly, with the public the victim of the resultant effects of higher-than-competitive prices and reduced production.

The lesson the American public must learn from the growth debate and the polemics over social imbalance is that for directive intelligence to reassert itself in our national growth we must accept a new, augmented degree of bold Federal leadership and commensurate public spending. We cannot afford to deceive ourselves on this point.

Hitler in New York

by DAVID McREYNOLDS

GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL, forty-two year old estranged son of "Old Doc Rockwell," the vaudeville comedian, was a man living in the seamy shadows of America's conservative underworld until May 2, 1960, when he suddenly became front page news as the self-proclaimed leader of the "American Nazi Party."

Rockwell's career as a professional anti-Semite started fairly late in his life. Born in Bloomington, Illinois, he traveled with his parents, attended various schools, enlisted in the Navy during World War II, served again in the Korean War, and emerged as a full commander. He has been married twice. In February, 1960, the U.S. Navy relieved Commander George Lincoln Rockwell of his reserve commission because of what they gently termed his "civilian activities."

These "civilian activities" seem to have begun in 1956 and consisted of membership or active participation in half a dozen or more extreme rightist groups; a brief stint with *The American Mercury;* and an unsuccessful effort to become a publisher (among material he published was John Kasper's booklet "Segregation or Death"). There is no evidence that Rockwell gathered any significant following during these hops from one organization to another—six groups in four years—and the American Jewish Committee recently estimated he has only twenty-five to fifty hard-core supporters.

His name was briefly in the news in connection with the Atlanta synagogue bombing in October, 1958, but he was never indicted. By early 1959 his fortunes were at such a low ebb he was reduced to passing out leaflets to high school and college students in the Arlington, Virginia, area, inviting them to his home for lectures on Nazism—his home having been rigged out as a "Nazi Headquarters," complete with swastika, photograph of Hitler, and special colored lighting effects. However, when Rockwell was harassed by students who heckled instead of listened to the lectures, he publicly threatened to kill any hostile youngsters coming to his "Nazi Headquarters." The police in Arlington stepped in then, and, armed with a warrant, raided his home, seizing literature and weapons. He was indicted for maintaining a public nuisance and for disorderly conduct.

Five months later the charges were dismissed but by then Rockwell had been evicted from his headquarters-home—swastika, Hitler, special lighting effects and all—and early 1960 found him unable to do anything more dramatic than hand out "hate" literature in the downtown area of Washington, D.C. At this point, however, one of his handful of supporters bought him a house in Arlington (which serves as his base of operations) and Rockwell embarked on a new program: he started conducting open-air meetings in Washington, where, guarded by a handful of uniformed "storm troopers," he attacked Jews and Negroes with such vigor that he began to make the local papers. Deciding the time had come to move into the big time, he chose New York City as his next target.

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So it was that on May 2, 1960, he wrote the New York Police Commissioner saying he wanted a permit to hold a "Nazi Rally" in Union Square on the Fourth of July. On May 18 he filed his formal application with the New York City Department of Parks.

Reaction in New York was swift. Outraged Jewish, Negro, and liberal organizations demanded, successfully, that Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., ban the meeting. Rockwell turned to the American Civil Liberties Union for help and fought back through the courts to get his permit. On June 22 when he appeared for a court hearing in New York he was mobbed and had to be rescued by the police. Mayor Wagner, surely one of the dullest men ever to warm a mayor's chair, and undistinguished for his courage, gave in to the mob and to general community pressure. He announced on June 22, after the riot in the courtroom, that Rockwell was a "half-penny Hitler" who "will not speak here on the Fourth of July, or any other time . . ." Still supported by the ACLU, Rockwell turned to the courts again, to force the city to grant a permit for his Nazi rally. But on August 30 this request was turned down by Judge Henry Epstein of the New York Supreme Court. The ACLU is now preparing to appeal the case.

During his earlier period of street speaking in Washington, D.C., Rockwell and seven of his storm troopers were arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct, found guilty, and fined. But in the Washington case there was no civil liberties question involved. Rockwell was not arrested until after he had ordered his storm troopers to "silence" hecklers at an open air meeting, making him clearly guilty for the brawl which resulted.

What is disturbing about the Rockwell case in New York is not Rockwell at all—or Rockwell least of all. For while it is tragic to find any mind so sick and perverted that it preaches hate and violence, we all know such people exist. But we flatter ourselves that we are different and somehow better. They want murder while we seek brotherhood. They want to destroy democracy while we seek only

to extend it. And then one morning we wake up to read in the newspaper that our liberal friends have mobbed a man in the courts of New York, screaming "Kill him! Kill him!" We discover to our dismay that people who all their lives have talked of the sacredness of the Bill of Rights are suddenly talking about the "limits of freedom."

Perhaps most disturbing of all is that those who faced this crucial test of freedom and failed it have no sense of failure, but rather they seem to find pride in their liberal bigotry. Thus Milton Himmelfarb, a contributing editor to *Commentary*, a liberal intellectual monthly published by the American Jewish Committee, asks scornfully "what professional obligation led *Jewish* lawyers to volunteer" to defend Rockwell (emphasis his)—as if it were the lawyers, and not Himmelfarb himself, who had broken faith.

Nor is the failure to extend civil liberties to Rockwell simply a failure of the New York Jewish, Negro, and liberal community. Rather, it is a failure of American liberalism as such, highlighting the long erosion that has gone on in the liberal mind, showing up the vacuity of liberal thinking on the question of civil liberties.

Leaving aside all the "idealistic and absolutist" arguments that might well be used to support civil liberties, and, instead, looking at the Rockwell case in a realistic and pragmatic way, the question is: Would free speech for Rockwell lead to gas chambers for the Jews? And the answer is, clearly, no, it will not. America in 1960 is not Germany in the early Thirties. Hitler did not rise to power because of what he said, but because of the social environment within which he was saying it. The social problems which gave rise to Hitler do not presently exist in this country, and the cultural patterns of the two countries are vastly different. To put it another way, if a man stands up in a crowded theater and screams *"Fire,"* that will have one kind of effect, but if you take the same man and set him down in the middle of New York's Union Square he can yell *"Fire"* all day long and achieve little more than frightening the pigeons. The words may be the same, but their impact will differ with the circumstances under which they are spoken. One reason Hitler was able to rise to power in Germany was because Germany, unlike England or the United States, had never developed a tradition of respect for dissenting views and minority rights. Thus those who seek to ban Rockwell's meetings in order to prevent a Hitlerian regime are unwittingly laying the cultural groundwork for precisely the kind of system they oppose.

However, even though this is not Germany in the early Thirties, it remains true that anti-Semitism is an unhappy factor in American life, warping the lives both of those who are hated and those who do the hating. As liberals and radicals we must certainly be deeply concerned with solving this problem. How, then, do we deal with Rockwell? Let us begin by understanding that Rockwell never intended to speak in Union Square, never wanted to speak in Union Square, and never expected to be allowed to speak in Union Square. He was interested in only one thing—which he got on a silver platter dripping with front page headlines. *He was interested in being banned from Union Square.* After all, he could hardly expect to build a following in New York City, in which so much of the population is either Jewish, Negro, Puerto Rican, or Catholic. New York City is not a place where an anti-Semite can make headway.

Rockwell wanted the publicity of being banned. Any student of propaganda knows the most effective propaganda is that based on actual facts, however it may distort them. The Jewish, Negro, and liberal organizations of New York gave Rockwell and his followers a truly devastating arsenal of "facts" which he can now use in his work in the South and the Midwest, where anti-Semitism does have a following. Let's add up the facts:

(1) Communists are free to speak in Union Square (though they almost never exercise this right, having long ago wisely written off the Square as a gathering place for crackpots); (2) Jewish organizations have not protested Communists speakers or urged the Mayor to ban Communist meetings in New York; (3) the Communist Party demanded that Mayor Wagner ban Rockwell's Nazi Rally; (4) leading Jewish organizations demanded the Mayor ban Rockwell's Nazi Rally; (5) the Mayor banned the rally.

Now tie these five facts together and we have the following "thesis," which is incorrect, but at every point related to the facts: the Jews in New York never protest Communist meetings but gave almost identical reasons as the Communist Party gave in urging that the Rockwell rally be banned. Thus it is clear the Jews are Communists. It is further clear that New York City is controlled by Jewish Communists because when the Jews and the Communists demanded the Rockwell rally be banned Mayor Wagner responded by banning it. Does this sound fantastic? Of course, but let me quote a story from the July issue of *Common Sense*, an extreme anti-Semitic tabloid issued in New Jersey. Under a headline FREE SPEECH IN NEW YORK ONLY FOR COMMUNISTS, they comment on the Rockwell case:

> ". . . it cannot be denied his experience in New York City demonstrates clearly what would happen to free speech in our country once the so-called 'Jews' secured the same control of the U.S. that they enjoy in New York City. Never have we heard of Communists being denied the privilege of speaking there, but Rockwell, who applied for a permit, was not only denied, but . . . when Rockwell, appeared at the court-room in an effort to secure a permit, 200 Khazars yelling 'Kill him' knocked down several police trying to get to him . . . These so-called 'Jews' believe in free speech for themselves; if Christians want free speech, they are fascists."

If anti-Semitism is a kind of mental illness projected to a social level then we ought to use some insight in dealing with it. To ban Rockwell, or to mob him, only confirms the anti-Semite in his paranoidal prejudice. But let us suppose for a moment that the Jewish, Negro, and liberal groups in New York had taken an entirely different approach to Rock-

well. Let us suppose they had said that, bitterly as they opposed Rockwell, they would not let him provoke the citizens of New York into destroying civil liberty; that they had insisted the permit be issued; and finally, as proof that they felt the strongest defense against fascist ideology was democratic action, they would form a human ring around Union Square to insure that no one would be able to attack Rockwell without first attacking a Jew, a Negro, or some member of the liberal community. Such a demonstration would have been front page news—and the emphasis would have been on the drama of those who supported free speech, not on what Rockwell was saying. Such a creative action would have gone a long way to returning Rockwell to the shadowy underworld from which he came.

However, even if this suggestion is utopian (and one cannot demand, but only hope, that people who have suffered greatly should respond in a creative way), there was never any clear and present danger of law and order crumbling before Rockwell and his storm troopers. Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy made it clear he felt the police could remain in full control of the situation.

Having touched on the immediate problems involved in the Rockwell case I want to return to my point concerning the "erosion of commitment" to civil liberties on the part of liberals. It is fashionable for liberals to believe in civil liberties. Yet many of them feel Mayor Wagner was correct; and many protest that "free speech wasn't meant to include psychotics," or "anyone who says Jews ought to be killed should be jailed," or "freedom of speech should be only for those who believe in it for others."

And yet free speech means that totalitarian psychotics have the right to hold public meetings denouncing the Jews. That is democracy. Democracy is not a slogan. It is a commitment, a way of life, and it often proves to be unpleasant, tedious, foolish, dangerous, or vulgar. But if democracy does not guarantee the right to express extreme viewpoints then there is no democracy, and we are all living in a fool's paradise papered with old liberal cliches.

What really disturbed me about the Rockwell case disturbed me also during the McCarthy period: the liberals backed away from the real issue. And the real issue under McCarthy was not whether liberals would be free but whether Communists would be free. Instead of dealing with that, far too many liberals swallowed Sidney Hook's line, "heresy yes, conspiracy no," which had about it an Orwellian simplicity.

I am being unfair to the liberal viewpoint, overstating my case, to drive home my feeling that it has become the fashion to modify and soften our commitment to the Bill of Rights, to insist that those who want to dissent must first give us guarantees they are reasonable men (like ourselves) before we hand out speaking permits. And this is unfortunate, because civil liberty is not a luxury to be granted only to those close to the middle of the political road. It is a necessary part of a healthy society and must be fully extended to all men and to all views. Civil liberties are functional; the Rockwell case is not simply a battle over abstract and possibly outdated principles, but over practical matters.

If extreme views are given a full hearing they serve as a barometer of the political climate, giving wise men warning long before the storm. They also serve as a safety valve for releasing social pressure—in some ways nothing is as therapeutic as talk and I would far rather have Rockwell spewing forth his hatred in Union Square than have him assembling bombs in some cellar. A society is not unlike an individual; if there are severe emotional conflicts in a person it is best if they are brought to the surface so they can be dealt with, rather than repressed.

Still, it is a great temptation when faced by a philosophy we do not like to feel democracy has a right to defend itself. And of course a democracy does have the right and the obligation to defend itself. The question is what kind of defense we shall mount against ideologies we consider unpleasant, heretical, or dangerous. It is all too easy to turn to the state, to fall back on loyalty oaths, security checks, political arrests, and a secret police—always in the name of freedom. But democracy has only one valid weapon: more democracy. If it falls back upon the coercive power of the state to check subversion then we have lost the fight before it has even begun, not only because we have already been forced to adopt the methods of our opposition but, equally important, because we have confessed to ourselves that our own ideology is too weak to survive in a free contest. And that confession of weakness only terrifies us more and speeds the process of decline.

We must realize that freedom for extremists is the price we have to pay for our own freedom. One cannot limit freedom and still retain it. When extremists are curbed then the whole range of debate is drastically narrowed.

When we speak of protecting democracy by outlawing this or that extreme little group we would do well to remember that the loyalty oaths, subversive lists, and political arrests which President Harry Truman directed against the Communists did not lead us to greater freedom, but delivered us into the hands of Senator Joseph McCarthy, who expanded political terror until it embraced virtually everyone, including the United States Army and the Protestant churches. It is for this reason that I do not feel more secure because Rockwell was banned from Union Square to save us from the Nazis a little while longer.

Democracy cannot be defined with precision, because it is a way of life, a state of mind, an attitude toward other people, not simply a political system. Democracy is not fifty per cent plus one; it involves a complex relationship between majority and minority, and an effort to weigh intensity of feeling, and an understanding that "majority—minority" are not fixed but shift and change with time. But always democracy comes back to the effort to establish a sense of community through the fullest discussion possible. In small groups discussion may be possible to such an extent that it is not even necessary to vote; it may often happen that the group finds itself of one mind.

In the larger framework of society such extensive discussion is impossible as a prelude to action, so we develop

devices such as political parties and elections. But any system of parties and parliaments will fail unless we can sense that beneath that system and underlying our bitterest debates is a striving toward a sense of comradeship and community. The sense of human comradeship and human community that often emerges out of heated debate, and as a result of that vigorous exchange of views, is not at all the same thing as the present "aura of good fellowship" which we are substituting for politics in this country. It was this "aura of good fellowship" which Rockwell shattered when he asked for a permit to speak in Union Square, and if Rockwell himself has sick views it is equally true that the response of the citizens of New York to Rockwell was sick. That response indicated how shallow is our faith in civil liberties and the process of debate.

But there are aspects of the Rockwell saga that are not so dark. The roots of American democracy run deeper than we sometimes realize. If hysteria won in New York it is still true that both the American Civil Liberties Union and the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee stood their ground, despite great pressure even from some of their own members. It is true also that the stand of the ACLU was supported by the New York *Times*, the New York *Post*, and the New York *Journal-American*. If hysteria won it will prove to be only a temporary defeat if we can be prodded to realize once more the full and at times frightening implications of what democracy means, to remember that the truism is still true: the problems of democracy can be solved only by more democracy, not less. And flowing from this is the proposition that at any given moment the "front line" in the fight for freedom is that minority under the heaviest attack for its ideas. I do not believe the liberals in New York or in the nation as a whole are really prepared to let one political crank like Rockwell topple a way of life for which so many have sacrificed so much for so many generations. It is my hope that when Hitler returns to New York he will be able to speak his piece in Union Square like any other crackpot. The Republic will survive —and be the stronger for the experience.

Laughter in the Dark

by MURRAY KEMPTON

LINUS PAULING has apparently escaped a contempt citation for defying the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. This instructs us in the sort of man who can expect to face up to a Congressional investigation and walk away without the prospect of prison or expensive litigation.

It is worth a good deal to be a Nobel Prize winner in something or other, a category of immunity applying to forty living Americans. But a man needs also to be a forthright and cagey witness ready to go to some personal trouble and expense to cooperate with the investigators and to limit his non-compliance to one of those narrow areas of personal conscience where the Senate cannot fully trust the courts. He needs, then, to be at once brave, prestigious, and wise. With the Congressional investigator among what Senator John F. Kennedy is accustomed to describe as the unfinished business of the Sixties, these qualifications can hardly give the rest of us much comfort.

And, even with these possessions, the assumption, on October 11, when Pauling came to his final confrontation with Senator Thomas J. Dodd, a Connecticut Democrat, was that he could only end in the courts. He could still end that way. At issue was the petition signed by 9,285 scientists from twenty-two countries demanding cessation of nuclear testing which Dr. Pauling had presented to the United Nations in 1958. The Senate had demanded the names of the persons who helped him circulate the petition; Dr. Pauling had replied that he was proud of his personal responsibility, but that his conscience did not permit him "to protect myself by sacrificing these idealistic and hopeful people" who had helped him in his work.

They met finally—after numerous sterile legal quarrels—in the Internal Security Subcommittee's hearing room in the Senate Office Building, an enclosure which managed to be spanking new and crowded to the point of squalor. Senator Dodd was the only Senator present; his fellow inquisitors were off job-hunting; his audience, although divided, was largely hostile.

Dodd is described by his enemies as a former FBI agent and by his friends as founder and rock of the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice. He is an economic and social liberal whose personal hobby is the imposition of orthodox Christian Democracy upon the American dialogue.

He and Pauling are very different men. Dr. Pauling is tall and bony, with the high, slightly breathless voice of Robert Oppenheimer. His hair sweeps back from a balding summit into a fringe of gray curls at the nape of his neck. He looks in sum like the proprietor of a bicycle shop who spends his nights in the basement pursuing the secret of perpetual motion. He is the picture of that ultimate subversive, the slightly cranky creator.

Senator Dodd's hair sweeps back intact in a faintly pink-white pompadour; he has the lean untrusting face of a Spanish cardinal during one of the less popular phases of papal history. Faces can cheat. Senator Dodd turns out to have a cunning face and an innocent head; Dr. Pauling has an

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innocent face and a cunning mind.

Senator Dodd opened their confrontation with a twelve-page statement whose most spectacular sentence was that Dr. Pauling was not on trial there. He cut it off after six pages, and asked Dr. Pauling if he had the names of his petitioners to the United Nations.

Dr. Pauling not only had the names; he had brought them all bound in red morocco, the pages hand-lettered by himself. He confessed with a disarming show of incompetence that his filing system had its aspects of the whimsical and that the process of fishing up the originals had entailed some difficulties. For example, the letter from the only scientist in Laos had fallen behind his bookcase and been retrieved too late for inclusion in the volume. Otherwise, though, he thought the file complete.

Senator Dodd thanked him for all this trouble, and moved on to ask if he had the names of the persons who had helped him circulate the petition.

"I am," Dr. Pauling replied, "unwilling to subject these persons to reprisals by this committee. I could protect myself by agreeing, but I am fighting for other persons who could not make a fight by themselves."

Their quarrel had been joined. There was a moment of silence while all parties waited for Senator Dodd to rise to it. The Senator merely turned matters over to Jay G. Sourwine, the Subcommittee's counsel, for a full exposition of Dr. Pauling's status as a man not on trial.

Sourwine offered for the record an interview with Pauling in the *New Times* of Moscow. Dodd intervened to say that anybody can get his name in *Izvestia* and *Pravda* just by talking to Khrushchev. Sourwine contemplated melancholically the softness towards Communism which had penetrated the highest places in the Republic and said that he hoped he had not affronted the Senator. Dr. Pauling settled their argument by freely announcing that he had given an interview to *New Times;* his tone left no doubt that he would do it again. In that case, said Senator Dodd, Sourwine might put it in.

Sourwine moved to Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s, estimate that the gathering of these 9,000 signatures the world around could not have cost less than $100,000. Dr. Pauling explained that, under certain circumstances, life is much simpler than that. He himself had sent along $50, which he supposed was the largest contribution.

"It's amazing," he said gaily for the information of Fulton Lewis, "what you can do for a little money if people are behind you."

Sourwine then took the witness through the process by which he had circulated his petitions. The dimensions of his research would have confounded a witness less subtle and cunning.

"There are on the list of professors from the U.S.S.R. some who are known to be Communists," Sourwine pointed out at one juncture. And did the witness know that Yudeki Yukawa, a Japanese physicist signer, had won the Lenin Peace Prize?

"No, I didn't," Pauling answered. "I do know he won the Nobel Prize."

There was a little laughter in the room; Linus Pauling looked at Senator Dodd with a face without guile. And so Sourwine was left with nothing but the introduction of Dr. Pauling's "Affiliations with Communist Organizations." A two-page list of citations was duly presented under that label; Dr. Pauling entered a mild demurrer; and Senator Dodd hastened to amend the title to "Certain Activities of Dr. Linus Pauling."

The certain activities were familiar to the witness and no apparent cause for shame to him. He proudly confessed that he was against the McCarran Act, the Smith Act, and the House Un-American Activities Committee. He apologized for not having done as much as he might to secure the freedom of Morton Sobel. Had he, Sourwine asked, ever given assistance to a man he knew to be a non-Communist?

"I made a statement," Dr. Pauling answered, "urging that Gerald L. K. Smith be allowed to speak and I feel reasonably sure that he is not a Communist."

At the recess, an earnest young man came up and told Dr. Pauling that he deserved to be deported. That would be troublesome, the witness answered, because being native-born, he had no place to go.

The Subcommittee, or more properly, the lonely Senator Dodd, kept him for an hour or two in the afternoon worrying over these dry bones. The witness was asked whether he had picketed the Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco last winter. It was his last recorded infamy. Dr. Pauling remembered with obvious pleasure that he had. Sourwine asked him if he knew what J. Edgar Hoover had said about the San Francisco affair. Dr. Pauling said that he was not sure he was interested in knowing. The moment for him to be struck dead from heaven having passed without incident, Sourwine said that he would summarize J. Edgar Hoover's testimony: "A Communist plot."

"It is my opinion," said Linus Pauling, "that Mr. Hoover is mistaken."

"That may be so," intervened Senator Dodd. Sourwine's mouth fell open. The abyss yawned before Senator Dodd. "I mean it may be so," the Senator went on, "that it's your opinion that he is mistaken." After this close brush with damnation, the Senator wound up his business by saying that Dr. Pauling was released from further subpena. He said nothing about the threat of a contempt citation. Presumably the matter ends there.

At the end, standing in the hall, Senator Dodd came over to Linus Pauling, shook his hand, and bid him farewell. "There now," he said, "that wasn't so bad, was it?" Dr. Pauling

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smiled and said that it hadn't been especially pleasant.

Thus it ended—the long pursuit, the heavy threats, the public trial—in the whine of Senator Dodd's sense that he had been misunderstood. The grievance at being misunderstood sits like a raven upon the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee; it is hard to say what is the most unpleasant aspect of these men, their malice or their self-pity. They are at once inquisitors and martyrs; it seems their ultimate effrontery that they wish both to be feared and loved.

But, even so, I am afraid the most unpleasant consequence of these men is the effect they have had on us. The audience at the hearings was generally hostile and derisive to the Subcommittee; there were ripples of laughter at each inanity of Sourwine's, at each stroke of Dr. Pauling's. It was, of course, the happy laughter of superior beings in the presence of fools. But we are hardly superior beings when fools have subpena power and the prerogative of punishing laughter.

The history of Linus Pauling's petition is the best indication of how hollow our laughter is. By all evidence the appeal against nuclear testing was conceived at a meeting at Washington University in St. Louis where Dr. Pauling had spoken, mimeographed on the campus, and shipped around the world. From such humble origins, it came home to Dr. Pauling with the signatures of thirty-six Nobel Prize winners in the sciences. The distinction of these men does not, of course, as Senator Dodd has said, render them immune from the criticism of laymen. But their concern is something far more consequential than the concern of laymen, because their judgment in these matters is far better than ours.

The issue, to Senator Dodd, is not a peril to our safety so great that Herman Mueller, the celebrated geneticist, is impelled to sign a petition against its continuance, but only whether a Communist may have brought the petition to him to sign. To these people the message is irrelevant; all that matters is the messenger. But does even Senator Dodd believe that Professor Mueller would have signed that appeal if he did not believe in its desperate and painful necessity, and that it made any difference to him who carried it? Mueller was not duped or fooled. He was operating in the area of his competence; he signed the petition because he believed it. At all costs, Senator Dodd must divert in any way he can our attention from Dr. Mueller's reasons for believing it.

We have just finished a great political campaign in whose course neither major candidate discussed nuclear testing in any fashion above the frivolous. And now Senator Dodd moves to tell us in the face of this situation, that any person or group of persons trying to discuss this matter seriously can expect to be harassed, chivvied, and bullied to the full extent of his power to subpena. The violation of individual liberty is by now habitual, and quite enough of a national disgrace by itself. But there has been added to it something no less serious, an effort to choke off the national dialogue on an issue which may mean nothing less than the life or death of the world.

I am glad that Linus Pauling knows how to take care of himself, and I enjoyed his performance. But I should be happier if I thought the rest of us Americans knew how to take care of ourselves. As it is, when we laugh at the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, we are laughing in the dark.

Coming Conflict Over The House Rules Committee

by JAMES A. ROBINSON

RULES OF parliamentary procedure are not necessarily neutral; they frequently confer advantage on the values of some groups at the expense of others. In the last session of Congress, this was illustrated by the fate of three important measures:

¶ A bill to raise the minimum wage did not pass because House and Senate conferees could not agree on a compromise; the discretion of the House members of the conference committee was limited because they were not appointed until the Committee on Rules first exacted a promise that they would not agree to more than $1.15 an hour—rather than the $1.25 demanded by sponsors of the legislation.

¶ An aid-to-education bill which had passed the House and Senate in different forms did not become law because the Rules Committee refused to recommend that the bill go to a conference committee.

¶ An omnibus housing bill, passed by the Senate, which the House Committee on Banking and Currency favorably reported, but which the House could not consider because the Rules Committee would not approve it.

Although the responsibility for the death of these three bills rests with no single person or committee, the fact is that the House Rules Commit-

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tee was heavily involved in each instance. If this Committee had imposed no unusual limits on the discretion of the House conferees, the probability of enacting the minimum wage bill would have increased. If the Committee had approved, the House most probably would have passed the omnibus housing bill. If the Committee had approved, an aid-to-education bill might have passed, although the President might have vetoed it.

The Rules Committee, with its jurisdiction over the agenda of the House, is thus capable of affecting the legislative output of Congress. If this Committee will not recommend it, a controversial bill can hardly pass the House. If this Committee objects, a conference committee cannot be appointed to resolve House-Senate differences on a subject on which both houses have already agreed some legislation should be enacted. In return for its approval, this Committee may require other committees to make commitments before it will expedite their business.

Why can the Committee on Rules intervene between the legislative committees and the full membership of the House? To understand the role of this Committee it is necessary to understand the several ways of setting the House agenda.

When committees approve public bills (private bills are handled somewhat differently), they are referred to one of two "calendars." Money bills are put on the Union Calendar, all other bills on the House Calendar. According to the rules of the House, bills are to be taken up in the order in which they are listed on the calendars. This, however, is impracticable because more bills are reported than the House ever considers, and committees do not necessarily report bills in the order in which the party leaders wish to consider them on the floor.

There are several ways to take a bill buried far down on one of the calendars and consider it out of its regular order.

¶ First, it can be placed on the Consent Calendar, which is called twice monthly to expedite passage of non-controversial measures.

¶ Second, it may be passed by "unanimous consent" at some time other than during the call of the Consent Calendar. Although much of the business of the House is transacted under these procedures, the most important and most controversial bills obviously cannot be handled this way.

¶ Third, the rules may be suspended, but this requires a two-thirds majority, debate is sharply limited, and amendments are prohibited.

¶ Fourth, bills could be considered on Calendar Wednesdays; on Wednesday of each week the committees can be called in alphabetical order to bring up any bills which they have reported. However, this device allows for virtually unlimited debate, requires that the bill be disposed of on the same day, and is therefore so awkward that it is rarely used.

¶ Fifth, appropriations and revenue bills are privileged and may be taken up on motion of the chairmen of the Ways and Means and Appropriations Committees, but only if no extraneous legislation is contained in the bill, and under these conditions each member could speak an hour and offer any amendments. Usually the leadership wishes to limit debate and not to open complex tariff, tax, and other such money bills to amendment.

To surmount these disadvantages, the House developed a sixth method for determining its agenda. About 1890 the Rules Committee began to report "special orders" or "special rules" recommending that the House consider particular measures and limit debate to a certain number of hours. Sometimes these rules specify that no amendments or only certain amendments shall be offered. Since this practice began the Rules Committee has been the major arbiter of what important bills the House shall or shall not consider and when it shall consider them.

Only rarely, perhaps once a year, does the House refuse to consider a bill brought in by the Rules Committee. More frequently, however, the House is protesting that the Committee does *not* bring in bills approved by legislative committees. For example, in the 1960 session it refused to give a rule to the housing bill. It also refused to approve the postal pay increase, which reached the floor only when a full majority of the House signed a "discharge petition." It delayed approving a civil rights bill until nearly a majority had signed a discharge petition.

The Rules Commitee has one other agenda-making function. There are only two ways of getting a conference with the Senate when the House disagrees with that body on the form of a bill which both houses have passed. One way to take the bill to conference is by unanimous consent; the other is upon the adoption of a rule from the Rules Committee. The Committee's refusal to grant a rule to the education bill in 1960 killed any further chance for the bill.

The Rules Committee has had a stormy and controversial history. It was Speaker Joe Cannon's tool for regulating House business until a series of reforms in 1909-10, which were intended to make the Committee an instrument of the majority of the House, whether that majority was bipartisan or whether it corresponded to the majority party. Since then there have been recurring controversies over whether the Committee is an instrument of or an obstacle to majority rule in the House.

The obstacles to the apparent majority sentiment in 1960 were two Democratic members who frequently voted with the Republicans to delay or deny consideration of bills favored by the majority party and the majority of the House. Representatives Howard Smith and William Colmer, whose conservative views are at odds with the moderate-to-liberal views of most of their party, frequently join with the minority party's conservative members and force defeat or compromise on the majority, which they would not be able to do were it not for the role of the Rules Committee. This kind of alignment has existed

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for more than a decade, but it became particularly troublesome after the 1958 Congressional elections when the Democratic majority grew to New Deal proportions. Moderate and liberal Congressmen from the North and West are now protesting the conservative coalition dominating the Committee to the extent that one may confidently predict that the Eighty-seventh Congress, which convenes in January, will witness a vigorous attempt to curtail the influence of the Committee as a veto-group on the House agenda.

Who are the members of this Committee? In the Eighty-sixth Congress there were eight Democrats and four Republicans; the chairman was Howard W. Smith, a Virginia Democrat in the tradition of Senator Harry Byrd. He is regarded as the captain of an informal coalition of conservative Democrats from the South. His wry sense of humor occasionally adds color to his Committee's meetings, but ordinarily he gives the disarming appearence of a silent strong man, moving softly about the House floor, his mind seemingly on philosophic matters miles away.

Smith, a former judge, is an able parliamentarian, respected by friend and foe, capable of great personal charm. But his personal skills are only part of his influence. The mere fact of being chairman confers upon him the extraordinary opportunities which only a chairman enjoys for affecting legislation. His role as chairman of the Rules Committee is not much different from that of any other committee chairman, but the influential position of his Committee enhances his personal influence. As chairman he usually can perform the following functions without consulting his colleagues: call meetings; decide whether to procede without a quorum; set agenda; schedule witnesses; call a vote; report the Committee's bills and resolutions to the House; call up the Committee's bills or resolutions on the floor; serve as the center of communications to the Committee.

A Committee majority could direct the chairman to perform any of these functions differently, but only in rare instance would it do so. The chairman's discretion is not boundless, but it is broad. When he deliberately obstructs a Committee majority which feels strongly about a matter, he is overruled, as with the civil rights bill in 1957. But ordinarily he has a great deal of freedom to use his chairmanship to assist or hinder legislation according to his preferences. By the timing of Committee meetings, by requiring a quorum or ignoring the absence of one, by the order in which bills are scheduled, by encouragement or lack of it to witnesses, by deciding when to call a vote—by all these procedural decisions the chairman of this Committee, as with other committees, affects the legislative output of Congress.

This is especially true late in a session when time is short and opportunities for forcing the chairman's hand are limited. When Chairman Smith disappears to his dairy farms in Virginia, the Committee cannot act. It is too late to discharge the Committee, and suspension of the rules with its two-thirds requirement is risky.

Communications coming to and from the Committee about legislative committee requests for hearings and about the views of members of the Rules Committee center around the chairman. One of Smith's roles as chairman is, to receive requests for rules from other committees and from the majority party leadership. No other member, not even the ranking minority member, ordinarily keeps a file of bills on which hearings and action have been requested, and the chairman usually does not pass such information to his colleagues or the leadership except when it is sought. This monopoly of information reinforces the chairman's traditional authority to set his own pace in calling meetings and taking votes. Inasmuch as it is the chairman's office which calls all committee members before a meeting, the chairman is much more likely than his colleagues to know whether and when it is to his advantage to vote on certain issues.

The Committee *could* change its rules to limit the chairman's discretion, but in the past members have been as reluctant to do that to Smith as other committees have been reluctant to change their rules. Reform may be expensive to the committee member pressing it. It costs him the good will of the chairman, a large measure of which is essential to the member succeeding with his own bills. It may cost him in the future, when *he* becomes chairman, as he may well aspire to become.

Chairman Smith's closest committee ally is William Colmer, Democrat, of Mississippi. When they vote with the four Republicans, they can prevent a rule from being reported. Colmer was appointed in 1939 after a post-election conference at Warm Springs, Georgia, between President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Speaker William Bankhead. Like Smith, in recent Congresses, he has more often voted with a majority of the Republicans in the House than with the Democratic majority.

After Smith and Colmer come two Northern Democrats, Ray Madden of Indiana and James Delaney of New York. They are more regularly in sympathy with reporting most legislation which comes before the Committee, although they, too, will vote to deny rules to bills some of their constituents are known to oppose. For example, both voted against a rule to allow the House to consider the bill regulating natural gas in 1957.

On the bottom half of the Democratic side are Homer Thornberry of Texas, James Trimble of Arkansas, Richard Bolling of Missouri, and T. P. O'Neill of Massachusetts. Thornberry succeeded Lyndon Johnson when Johnson moved over to the Senate, and, like Trimble, will ordinarily vote to support any measure requested by the party leadership unless it would adversely affect his chances of re-election. As Madden and Delaney have given into their constituency preferences on oil and gas, so Thornberry and Trimble have followed their Southern constituencies on civil rights. However, both Thornberry and Trimble have on occasion voted to report a civil rights bill while reserving the right to vote against it on the floor.

Bolling is among the most skillful "brokers" in Congress. He is respected among Northern Democrats and is often mentioned as a possible future Speaker. He is personally close to Sam Rayburn and was tapped by the Speaker for his inner circle many years ago. The eighth Democrat, O'Neill, succeeded John F. Kennedy and is close to Majority Leader John McCormack of Massachusetts. Like all the other Democrats, except Smith and Colmer, he will regularly vote to report any bill requested by the leadership unless he thinks it is repugnant to his constituency.

On the Republican side, Leo Allen has been the ranking member since Joe Martin left the Committee in 1939. His decision not to seek reelection in 1960 will elevate Clarence Brown of Ohio to the number two position and open the way for a new member. Allen, Brown, and their colleagues, B. Carroll Reece of Tennessee and Hamer Budge of Idaho, could be dubbed Taft Republicans, although they quickly transferred their loyalty to President Eisenhower, at least on procedural matters.

Following the 1958 elections several prominent Democrats under the leadership of Representative Chet Holifield of California discussed challenging the Committee's power, but an informal — though subsequently ineffective — agreement with Speaker Rayburn called off the challenge. In 1961 there is almost certain to be a renewed effort to effect some reforms. Even before Congress adjourned in August, Democratic Congressmen were canvassing various alternatives for changing the House rules.

It is not possible to say at this writing what proposed reforms, if any, are most likely to be adopted. This depends partly on the size of the Democratic majority and and on whether the next President will take the extraordinary step of intervening in the internal procedures of the House.

Two kinds of proposals have been broached. Some could be effected among the Democrats themselves; others would require changes in the rules of the House. Those proposals, which are largely within the discretion of the Democratic caucus, include the election of members of the Rules Committee rather than appointment by strict adherence to seniority. A less drastic version of this extraordinary alternative is to replace William Colmer but leave Howard Smith as chairman. Such a departure from the seniority principle may be too radical for many members. Although the seniority system is widely criticized outside Congress, it is generally favored within. The precedent that would be established by the election of the Rules Committee is perhaps less attractive than other alternatives.

Another intra-party tactic, for which there is precedent, is to give the Democrats a ninth member and limit the Republicans to only three seats. The present division of eight-to-four was worked out in a gentleman's agreement between Sam Rayburn and Joe Martin many years ago, when Martin was the Republican minority leader. Now that Martin is no longer Republican leader, and especially if the Democrats have an overwhelming majority in the House, Speaker Rayburn might easily justify adding another Democrat, one who could be expected to follow the leadership's direction.

This alternative also has the added virtue of not depriving any sitting member, either Democrat or Republican, of a place on the Committee. With Allen's decision not to run for re-election, there will be only three remaining Republican members.

Among the changes which would require action by the whole House, the most often mentioned proposal is to return to the "twenty-one day rule," which was adopted in 1949 but rejected in 1951. This rule provided that when the Rules Committee did not act on a request for a rule within twenty-one days, the chairman of the committee which asked for the rule could bring the bill directly to the floor, but only if he could secure recognition from the Speaker, and on only two days each month.

Although the threat of the twenty-one day rule probably spurred the Rules Committee to report some bills it might otherwise have pigeonholed, the procedure was cumbersome and its use depended on the Speaker and the committee chairman. It was in no sense an automatic device, nor was it of any use late in the session. Sentiment among liberal Democrats is said to hold that this procedure is not enough. Presumably it might be accepted as a compromise if there are not enough votes for more substantial change.

Another possible change is in the procedure for handling House-Senate differences on the same bill. It does not seem reasonable that unanimous consent be required to send to conference a bill that has already passed the House. Nor does it seem necessary to involve the Rules Committee at all. There is no apparent reason why motions to request a conference with the Senate could not be privileged (conference reports *after* House-Senate agreements are privileged now) and subject to a majority vote. Amendments to the motion providing instructions to the conferees could be in order.

It has been suggested that the number of signatures required to discharge the Rules Committee be reduced. At present, 219 members must sign a petition to force a bill from the Committee and bring it to the floor. Even when a majority favors a bill locked in the Committee, individual Representatives may not feel strongly enough to sign the petition, for fear that if the practice becomes a habit their own committees may be similarly discharged. However, there is nothing sacred about the number 219. Until the Democratic majority swelled with New Deal election victories, the number was 145 and before that 100. The requisite number was altered to protect the majority party from embarrassment by the minority or by a hardy band of defectors from the majority party.

Others have proposed enlarging the membership of the Rules Committee. In the past there have been as many as fourteen, although twelve is the

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size established in the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946. There is no virtue in any particular size; it has varied according to the majority's needs. To add a thirteenth member now would help offset the Smith-Colmer axis, and it would also reduce the likelihood that a tie vote would prevent reporting a rule.

The most revolutionary proposal, however, has not been seriously advanced, and that is to eliminate altogether the Rules Committee's participation in decisions affecting the House agenda. Most Congressmen assume that if there were no Rules Committee one would have to be invented. They are partly right; someone or some group would need to be responsible for determining what bills should be considered, in what order, for how long, and whether they should be open for amendment.

Nevertheless, these functions *could* be performed by someone other than the Rules Committee. Why not the majority party leadership? As of now the leadership shares these responsibilities: after the Rules Committee grants a rule the Speaker and Majority Leader decide when to call it up, and when the rule is adopted the leadership determines when to debate the bill. Why not, then, leave it to the Speaker to recognize the Majority Leader to offer a privileged motion that the House consider a bill reported by a legislative committee, under certain conditions governing time and amendments?

Such a motion would not be dissimilar to the present procedure, and it could, as is now the case, be subject to an hour's debate, divided equally between the Majority and Minority Leaders, and a majority of those present and voting would be required for its adoption. Amendments could be offered either to lengthen debate or give special consideration to an alternative form of the bill.

The traditions of the House are hallowed with majority leaders' respect for minority leaders, and it is inconceivable that the majority party would discontinue the long-standing practice of consulting with the opposition party in scheduling items for debate and vote. In the event the majority leadership should delay or deny calling up a bill, any member could offer a similar privileged motion. This is unlikely to happen, unless the leadership is clearly frustrating the majority. If it is not, it can easily defeat any such motion.

Although it is a smaller body, the Senate formerly determined its agenda by majority vote, usually on motion of the Majority Leader. In recent years it has gone even further in the direction of central leadership. Upon the recommendation of the Majority Leader, after consultation with opposition leaders and committee chairmen, the Senate sets its agenda by unanimous consent agreements. If a group of one hundred men can *unanimously* agree on their legislative program, surely more than four hundred men can operate by *majority* vote.

The mechanisms of this alternative are virtually the same as going through the Rules Committee, but the difference is that agenda-making decisions are centralized in the majority party leadership. These men have wider "reference groups" than the Rules Committee, and they must work with all elements of their party, indeed, with most elements of the House. The Speaker is in a sense a national official—after the Vice President he is first in succession to a vacant Presidency. He and the Majority Leader participate in legislative conferences at the White House. In short, their public is larger than a single Congressional district. Although the national interest is often an elusive object to identify, these leaders are more likely to grasp and consider such interests than is the Rules Committee.

The Rules Committee would be retained to preside over basic questions of House procedure. As in the Senate, it could eventually be combined with the Administration Committee which handles personnel and equipment. The Committee could continue to have authority to report rules placing in order those bills which have not yet been acted on in other committees — an authority it rarely uses—but it would no longer be a potential veto over bills already reported.

One of the major effects of such an extensive change would be to concentrate additional power in the majority party leadership. Since Speaker Cannon was overthrown in 1910, the base of the Speakership's influence has been more informal and personal than formal or institutional. This proposed reform need not return the House to Cannon tyranny, if a motion to call up a bill is privileged and if it may be offered by any member.

A further effect of such a reform, which strengthens the House leadership, could very well enhance the powers of the Congress vis-a-vis the Presidency. The history of the Presidency, Professor Edward Corwin has written, is one of aggrandizement, and as Professor David Truman has shown, the Twentieth Century has been hard on national legislatures everywhere. The role of Congress in the making of national decisions has gradually shifted from initiating and originating legislation to accepting or amending bills sent to it by the Executive. It is possible that a centralized and coordinated leadership in the House could be an important step toward strengthening Congress and maintaining the checks and balance system envisioned in the Constitutional distribution of executive and legislative powers. Such a prospect should appeal as much to conservatives who have found comfort in the vetoes of the Rules Committee as to the liberals who have been frustrated by its inordinate power.

The Committee would not like this alternative, nor will some of its members, perhaps a majority, favor any change. Since the Rules Committee has jurisdiction over all proposals to alter rules of the House, there is only one time when the House can act decisively and without sending such proposals to the Rules Committee for interment. That time occurs on the opening day of Congress, *before* the House constitutes its committees. At that moment it will adopt its rules. The motion will probably be made by Chairman Smith that the rules of the Eighty-sixth Congress be adopted for the Eighty-seventh. The reformers must be ready with an amendment to that motion incorporating their proposal. But they will need more than an amendment; they will need skill, for they will be up against one of the ablest parliamentarians ever to sit in the House of Representatives.

the NEW NEGRO on screen

by MARTIN S. DWORKIN

This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Dworkin on "The New Negro on Screen." The concluding installment by Mr. Dworkin, a distinguished student of the movies, will appear in the January issue.—THE EDITORS.

A GENERATION separates the images of Southerners in *The Birth of a Nation* from those of *Gone With the Wind:* a period of swinging frenzies of naive hope and sentimental disillusion, in the wake of world war and depression. By the 1930s, the popular taste for gaudy disenchantment had advanced to a point where it was appropriate to contrast the crinolined sweetness of Melanie Hamilton (Olivia de Havilland) with the silken bitchery of Scarlett O'Hara (Vivien Leigh), and the courtly virtue of Ashley Wilkes (Leslie Howard) with the parvenu opportunism of Rhett Butler (Clark Gable). By the 1940s, the contrasting figures could be amalgamated and transformed, becoming Tennessee Williams' images of the declasse aristocrat, Blanche Du Bois, and of the brutal proletarian, without tradition—without even debased gentility, Stanley Kowalski. When *A Streetcar Named Desire* was made into a film in 1951, no one was allowed to ignore the significance of Vivien Leigh's reappearance in the role of Blanche. Among *cineastes* and others eggheaded enough to be concerned with serious meanings in the people's entertainments, her metempsychosis signified profound changes in the American imagination.

In his study, *Le Mythe de la Femme Dans le Cinema Americain,* Jacques Siclier speaks of the character of Blanche as "Scarlett *maudite*": an aging heroine of romance cursed by fraudulent memories of grandeur, and flung by inexorable change into a "snake pit" of modern ungilded sensuality, with its reactive misogyny. A whole genre of American literature had come to be pervaded by metaphors of disillusion, of which the modern South as snake pit is surely a paramount example. The image characterizes a "school" of concern with Southern decadence which forms, despite a wide range of intentions and qualities, the most easily apparent grouping in American writing, including Tennessee Williams, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, Hamilton Basso, Calder Willingham, Carson McCullers, Robert Penn Warren, and, especially, Erskine Caldwell and William Faulkner. In their works, Negroes frequently come into primary focus, albeit rarely as protagonists. But they are always present: figures of inescapable reality, comprising a chorus before whom representations of the most ordinary lives of a certain time and place take on meanings as dramas of significant, sometimes tragic decline.

By the late 1950s, punctually at the time when the images of Negroes on screen are gaining new explicitness and even emphasis, a number of films exploiting subjects of Southern decadence begin to form a distinct band on the thematic spectrum of the screen. Many are based, directly or indirectly, upon novels and plays by authors of the Southern "school." All are unmistakably related in theme and symbology—as exemplified by *The View from Pompey's Head* (1955), *Baby Doll* (1956), *God's Little Acre* (1958), *The Long, Hot Summer* (1958), *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (1958), *The Fugitive Kind* (1960), *Wild River* (1960), and *Desire in the Dust* (1960).

The interpenetrating images on screen of decadent white Southerners and newly visible, palpably advancing Negroes reflect a complex of attitudes about the place of one special regionalism in American culture, political and social life. As the centennial of the Civil War approaches, the nation formed in that great agony of unification is clearly experiencing a second era of Reconstruction, again contending over the fundamental constitutional issue of whether the Federal government has the right and power to impose conditions of national citizenship upon localities. In what may be an historic crisis in the American conception of what it is to be American, the popular arts in general and the movies in particular are deeply and crucially implicated.

In this crisis of belonging or identity, the Civil War itself has been transmuted into a precious fiction of unity. The faddism of the Civil War "buffs," the collectors of weapons and miscellaneous souvenirs, the members of special societies, book clubs, and mock militia who reenact great battles over monumented fields—all these are a celebration of an invented conflict—with an outcome that is neither victory nor defeat. For many years, Southerners flew their old Confederate flags in reaction against the "bloody shirt" waved by Northern politicians to keep the resentments of the war alive. But there came a moment when new flags began to be manufactured, to be flown at patriotic celebrations, election rallies, and football games—with Northerners quite frequently and happily joining in what seems to be only harmless nostalgia, or comfortably absurd ceremonials.

The images of the modern South as snake pit emerge to the accompaniment of a tremendous fanfare of popularization of the Civil War. In the books, comic strips, and movies of this new Reconstruction era, the old enemies are distinguished by their

essential similarities. Nobody is right or wrong, nobody is a traitor firing on his nation's flag. "Johnny Reb" and "Billy Yank" are both good guys, fighting for the side of right—which never loses, but triumphs as either permanently magnificent Lost Cause or manifestly victorious national destiny. The only bad guys are bushwhackers, irregulars—as in a significant genre of semi-Western films with Civil War flavor, ranging from perennial program melodramas about Quantrell's guerrillas in bloody Kansas to occasional epics such as *The Jayhawkers* (1959), and John Ford's *The Horse Soldiers* (1959).

But for the legions of unreconstructed Southerners, the sentimental triumph over actual defeat carries inexorable penalties in ambiguities of the popular imagination. The gallant Johnny Rebs of the South as undefeated Lost Cause are maintained at the cost of having the dehumanized red-necks and corrupted families of the South as snake pit. The mystique of ante bellum glory persists in popular culture at mid-century, proclaiming forever that the Old South, in an idealized picture of aristocratic, leisured life—based upon Negro slavery—was actually the nobler cause, against the vulgar, materialistic, immigrant-saturated North. But there are always the choral figures of Negroes, in the representations of both history and contemporary society. In the heightening crisis—outside the theaters—of reidentifying what is an American, the new images of Negroes on screen indict the traditional fantasies of a glorious past, and enforce an exaggerated candor concerning the decadent residues in a dynamic present.

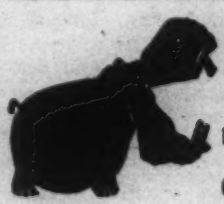
These new images are developing along parallel, often converging, and eventually combining vectors of realism and heroic enlargement. That the increasingly realistic portrayal of Negroes on screen is involved in the crisis of American identification is forcefully illustrated in films about the armed services. Since World War II, the presence of Negroes in military films is well-nigh obligatory—perhaps reflecting service policy governing cooperation with the movie industry as much as Hollywood sociology.

Films made in the 1950s about World War II, when the services were still largely segregated, are limited in having to show Negroes, however prominently, as chiefly orderlies, truck drivers, cooks, or other service troops. A significant exception is *South Pacific* (1957), based on the most successful of the nostalgic entertainments about the war. Made from the stage musical that opened on Broadway in 1949, just as the first postwar cycle of films about problems of color was spinning, *South Pacific* emphasizes race relations as one of the great issues of the war. Attitudes towards miscegenation create the dramatic conflicts in both of the central romances, although Negroes are not directly involved. But such realism as the Negro Seabee joining in the opening chorus of "There Is Nothin' Like a Dame," as if he, too, was able to feel lonely for the opposite sex, could not fail to be as arresting as it was intended to be.

Films made after the integration of the services, and especially those laid during the Korean War, begin to stress the equality of Negro servicemen—sometimes sacrificing realism for nobly intended exaggerations. In *Take the High Ground* (1953), a rehash of old hash about a drill sergeant with a tough, G.I. heart, the platoon in training inevitably includes a Negro (William Hairston)—with an equally inevitable Indian (Maurice Jara) for good measure of good intentions. Most of the time, the Negro behaves like a liberal script-writer's notion of a worthy cause: reading serious poetry, manifesting education on unlikely occasions, personifying the superior intellect intelligent enough to be democratic. Making the brainy one among the recruits a Negro is an embarrassingly obvious irony—until one delicious moment, that may be one of the important turning points in the history of the representation of Negroes on screen. After the Negro has at last managed to behave like the raw rookie he is, the drill sergeant (Richard Widmark) thrusts out his jaw in the best Quirt tradition, and administers as egalitarian a chewing out as anyone could ask. Greater acceptance hath no man than this, in this man's army. The scene may herald a day, we may hope, when Negroes will be so securely, democratically drawn on screen, that they may be permitted to make ordinary mistakes, and suffer ordinary penalties.

Such realism, portraying Negroes as fallible human beings, rather than as either minstrel grotesques or sentimentalized supermen, may require a considerable background of routine realism. In films about the Korean War, it is simple journalism to include Negroes in almost every platoon and squad. The war, still a puzzling and frustrating "police action" for so many Americans, was the first test of the new integration policy of the armed services. Negroes usually served as well as did whites; as always, good units, well organized and commanded, had good soldiers of whatever color. But Negroes also malingered, surrendered, and turned traitors under duress as well as did whites. In the few films depicting this behavior, such as *Prisoner of War* (1954), Negroes are either absent or carefully inconspicuous.

One of the details making Lewis Milestone's *Pork Chop Hill* (1959), from the factual account of S.L.A. Marshall, the most realistic fiction film about the war is its candid and dramatic treatment of a Negro turned malingerer under fire. The soldier (Woody Strode) is presented as less cowardly than embittered by a life of poverty and prejudice. His lieutenant (Gregory Peck) brusquely orders him to be the man he assumes himself to be when he demands equality—and pointedly puts him under guard by a Negro corporal (James Edwards), who observes coldly that the malinger must be his special concern. The soldier's participation in the last-ditch battle could have merely mirrored the innumerable climaxes of films about rehabilitated cowards. The point, however, is being



I said,
The Progressive
for Christmas
is a giant value
(see back cover)

made here for realism, rather than melodrama—and in Milestone's treatment is no more false than a wish that what did happen on countless occasions to redeem men riven by doubt and fear, might happen again.

In contrast, one of the least credible films about the Korean War may be the most significant, as far as the depiction of Negroes is concerned. *All the Young Men* (1960) is a hackneyed melodrama of stock characters in banal situations, replete with ancient narrative cliches. Its story of a sergeant who assumes direction of a platoon of Marines in an isolated action retells what is the hardiest of all perennial fables about the military: the battle of a new, unpopular commander to win mere obedience and something more from his men. But it is precisely because it is so typical a vehicle that the film is significant. For the protagonist is a Negro—played by Sidney Poitier, who, with Harry Belafonte, proves unmistakably in every role how profound has been the revolution in the projection of Negroes on screen. In this film, more than in others much more worthy in which he has played leading parts—particularly *The Defiant Ones* (1958)—Poitier is presented as the quintessential movie star in all his hero-ness. His character is deliberately placed and presented to effect vicarious identification, according to the ways in which audiences have been trained since the first days of the movies. A typical movie hero who is a Negro is an image of revolutionary force, out of a course of development that is a revolution in the popular imagination. The shock of *All the Young Men* is not in seeing a Negro facing down a Southern bigot, or brawling fiercely with whites and overcoming them—even if the climactic fight is against so institutional a movie hero as Alan Ladd. The meaning of Poitier in the part is his vicarious posture: that the audience, white and colored, reaches to associate with him, gaining empathic fulfillment in his representation on screen. That the figure he portrays is a stereotype of an exaggeration is a dramatic deficiency—but an historic milestone. Equality in imagery—if not in actuality—may be truly achieved, perhaps, only as Negroes reach with all others beyond equality towards grandeur.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Protest Irresponsible

Dear Sirs:

President-elect Kennedy's razor-thin popularity dramatizes the irresponsibility of "protest" voting advocated by seven of your recent correspondents and implicitly threatened by seven others. If a few thousand more liberals in key states had indulged themselves in this futile ritual, Nixon would be our next President. And, needless to say, he, like Kennedy, would be oblivious of the statistics of the protest vote. In fact, these statistics are hard to find; I haven't found them yet.

To say, as some protest voters do, that there is no significant difference between the two men reveals an ignorance that could be remedied merely by reading *The Progressive*, or even a daily newspaper. If Kennedy scores low when judged by liberal or pacifist standards, then Nixon scores zero. He defends the U-2 fiasco as if it were an act of patriotic genius; he shows no understanding of or sympathy with the revolutions in Asia, Africa, and Latin America; he has consistently opposed domestic programs like slum clearance and public housing needed for our own impoverished minorities; and his simple-minded chauvinism turns disarmament from a difficult problem into an impossible one.

Liberals will certainly have better lines of communications with a Democratic Administration than with a Republican one. But I often wonder what the protest voters really want. Are they interested in getting results or in enjoying the egocentric delights of political martyrdom? To choose the lesser of two evils instead of defaulting to the greater is no disgrace. Life is a continual compromise from beginning to end, except for the saints. And I suspect that even a few saints voted Democratic.

C. W. GRIFFIN
Denville, N. J.

The Progressive Is Red

Dear Sirs:

I have never read a magazine so pro-Communist (other than Communist publications) as *The Progressive*. Your slant isn't liberal—it's Red! How you can close your eyes to the inhuman acts of Khrushchev and company is beyond me. Trying to point out similarities between the elections in Formosa and the elections of the Red regime is such a stupid comparison that it makes one sick. Your whitewash of Communism is superb.

Milton Mayer's recent issue article on Germany is Soviet propaganda straight from the inner chambers of the Kremlin walls. How great is East Germany; how anti-Semitic, anti-Communist is West Germany. What about anti-Semitic, anti-Christian, anti-religious Communist Russia? And then to state we have no Communism in this country. How blind and stupid can an ostrich be and still live? Again I say wake up—or is this part of the game?

DAVID A. NOEBEL, Pastor
Fundamental Bible Church
Madison, Wis.

Lens Illuminating

Dear Sirs:

Sidney Lens, in the November *Progressive*, has written the most illuminating article on Russia that I have been privileged to read. It should be read by every literate American. Without doubt the most hopeful aspect of the present ideological conflict between the East and the West is that neither the East nor the West has a frozen ideology in spite of the long cold war. When our individualism and their collectivism "grow up," or reach full maturity, the East and the West may discover that these antithetical ideologies are not inherently and irremediably incompatible.

Each issue of *The Progressive* is an intellectual delight to me—with more articles on significant issues which are handled objectively by responsible and competent writers than are found in dozens of slick, picture-story magazines with circulations of many millions. Your editorials unfailingly throw needed light upon some timely, crucial issue confronting our world.

In my opinion *The Progressive* is the biggest bargain to be found on the American magazine market, if judged by the significance of its articles and the competence with which they are handled. There is more intellectual stimulation and enlightenment per page than many other magazines carry in an entire issue.

REVEREND ROY W. PFAFF
First Methodist Church
Harlan, Iowa

Lens' Blind Spot

Dear Sirs:

Sidney Lens has a keen mind and a discerning eye. His two articles on Khrushchev's Russia are in the main a penetrating analysis of the situation as I saw it on a visit there last July. But in his report on Russian trade unions he reveals a blind spot.

Lens has fallen in love with the term "countervailing force," and repeatedly points out that Soviet trade unions do not exercise

that force by strikes but, like the Communist Party, insist that "the prime function of unions is still to boost production." Strikes under a Socialist economy would be about as logical as a disgruntled Ford stockholders' group urging the public to boycott Ford cars because the company has an unfair dividend policy.

In our pressure group society the interplay of countervailing forces does tend to lessen injustice. With this in mind, President Franklin D. Roosevelt promoted the Wagner Act to strengthen labor's position. But American labor leadership has hardly used this advantage. Only one-fourth of labor is organized; and the average worker's take-home pay buys little more than it did twenty years ago, though production has doubled and corporate assets increased several fold. American workers have more gadgets today because more wives are working. Consumer debt has skyrocketed. And now even the strike weapon is being blunted by automation and the removal of factories to low wage areas here and abroad. Russian trade unions, on the other hand, are doing a whale of a job for their members, as Lens shows. Wages have moved steadily upward while prices and hours of labor are moving downward; and the welfare work of trade unions is tremendous.

Lens also complains that the Russian workers have no voice as to the proportion of the national income allocated to consumer goods as against capital goods. Surely he does not mean to imply that the American worker's voice is more effective; that it is he who chooses ever increasing militarization instead of slum clearance, more classrooms, health, and recreational facilities.

The cold war and militarization are the curse of labor, but they pay multiple dividends to the power elite. They compel the Russians to keep on militarizing and keep down their living standards. Here busy "defense" plants give us the illusion of prosperity while the puffed up red menace provides a rationale for the witch hunt and the suppression of radical views. The cold war will last as long as American labor remains complacent.

IRVING H. FLAMM
Beverly Hills, California

Keyserling 'Misleading'

Dear Sirs:

The article by Leon H. Keyserling entitled "The Economic Case for Kennedy's Election," in the November *Progressive*, is inexcusably misleading.

Mr. Keyserling asserts that the rate of economic growth of the United States since 1953 is only half that needed to "maintain reasonably full use of a rapidly accelerating technology and a constantly growing labor force." He pays no attention to the fact that the growth of productive capacity during this period has been fantastically great. Growth has been due partly to more effective technology and partly to enormous investment in new facilities.

But as more and more American families acquire automobiles, washing machines, and other amenities of a mechanized civilization, the rate of growth of the demand for such equipment inevitably drops. A geometrical increase of five per cent per year in the consumption of anything would in a decade or two result in fantastic quantities.

Without a completely controlled economy it is inevitable that there should be a considerable amount of unemployment during the time markets are growing to absorb increased production, and while those whose jobs are replaced by machines hunt for new employment. The problem of technological unemployment has been, and should be, taken care of by a combination of unemployment insurance and a reduction of working hours per year with no reduction of take-home pay.

The problem of bringing to the lower third of the population the material goods that make life easier and more comfortable is a challenging one. It cannot be solved by deceptive generalities that promise immediate full production under a new Administration, regardless of consumers' demand. Only a dictator could even attempt this.

The statement in Mr. Keyserling's article that every great forward movement since the turn of the century has been sparked by the election of a Democratic President is, to say the least, menacing. The recovery from slack economic times after the first few years of the Wilson Administration took place with World War I; the Roosevelt Administration failed to end the great depression in the six years between inauguration and wholesale preparations for World War II; and the Korean war enabled Truman to maintain a high level of production after the country had caught up with the demands that had accumulated between 1941 and 1945. A perfect score! Has Mr. Kennedy similar plans?

IRA B. JORALEMON
San Francisco, California

Stevenson Needed

Dear Sirs:

Adlai E. Stevenson is a constant reminder, through his public utterances and his outstanding article in the November *Progressive*, "The Issue Is Peace," of the political "realities" which permitted this leader to be kept off the ballot in November. The rationale, I suppose, is that Senator John F. Kennedy's aggressive, Madison Avenue campaign was necessary for victory. Stevenson's analysis of the world situation makes it clear that imaginative and perceptive leadership is needed in the United States today. If Americans have been talked into cold-war, soft-on-Communism thinking, then the new Administration must re-mold American thinking to the point where the forces shaping world events are understood. Stevenson can be a large factor in this re-orientation; it is vital that he play an active role in the next Administration.

MARILYN GAIMS
Pasadena, California

Kempton Mistaken

Dear Sirs:

In Murray Kempton's article, "Toward the End of Night," which appeared in your November issue, Mr. Kempton states that the newly independent African nations ". . . voted in the main with the United States, somewhat to our surprise, against the seating of Mao Tse-tung's Communist China."

This statement is wrong on two points. First, the vote in question was on whether or not to postpone a debate on the admission of Communist China for another year. It was not a vote on whether or not to seat Communist China in the United Nations.

The second error is Mr. Kempton's assertion that the African states backed the United States on this issue. The only African nations which backed the United States' position were Liberia, with its special bonds to the United States, and the Union of South Africa, a "white" African state. Most of the new countries abstained. However, several new nations, including Nigeria, the most populous independent country in Africa, voted against the United States and with the Soviet Union. This was the real surprise, because Nigeria, in particular, was expected to at least abstain.

I may also add that many Western observers at the United Nations believe that next year many of these abstentions will become votes for the Communist nations' viewpoint.

RICHARD GREENE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Schlesinger 'No Liberal'

Dear Sirs:

I agree with Mrs. Audrey A. Rothkop when she asks in the November People's Forum, "What are the special qualifications that make Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a 'liberal'?"

Mrs. Rothkop has been troubled about this since reading his piece in your September issue. I have been troubled about it since reading his pieces in *Life* in the mid-forties in which he classified persons as fellow travelers, if not worse, because of their associations or opinions.

He was, for my money, several jumps ahead of McCarthy in this respect.

There are liberals and professional liberals, and I refuse to look on Schlesinger as one of the liberals.

LAWRENCE FERNSWORTH
Washington, D.C.

Ike's Lip Service to Peace

Dear Sirs:

If Ike earnestly and solidly believes in "peace and friendship in freedom," why doesn't he come out boldly against France's long drawn out, bloody, repressive war in Algeria?

Otherwise he is merely phrase-mongering, paying puerile lip service to glittering generalities and copy-book abstract moralities.

ELLIS O. JONES
Washington, D.C.

Understanding Venezuela

Dear Sirs:

Robert J. Alexander's "Two Revolutions," in the October *Progressive*, provided excellent background material for understanding the recent disturbances in Caracas. It also clear-

ly explained the difference between the means used in democratic Venezuela and those employed in tyrannical Cuba toward securing social reform in the troubled Caribbean area.

I also found excellent Alexander's closing paragraph pointing up the need for the United States to understand and support "the Venezuelan experiment' in democratic social revolution."

MRS. CHESTER M. PATTERSON, JR.
San Jose, Costa Rica

Boring Platitudes

Dear Sirs:

Please do try to get your facts right. In your September issue your "Notes in the News" refer to the consequence of *centuries* of arrogant colonialism practiced by the mother country, Belgium. Why the plural? I have always understood that active development by Belgian interests throughout the Congo has only taken place within the last 100 years.

Nobody can deny that the Belgians have failed to train Congolese to occupy senior positions in the political, technical, and government services in the Congo. What is expected from *The Progressive* is some informed comment on the business, and so far this has not been forthcoming.

The trouble with most progressive journals is that they risk degenerating into a vehicle for the expression of well known platitudes; at this stage they become boring and readers give them up. Do try to avoid this fate!

MICHAL SMITH
Horbury, Yorkshire
England

Progressive Never Fails

Dear Sirs:

Of the thirty magazines and newspapers I take, *The Progressive* is the most indispensable for keeping a straight mind in a crooked world. No issue of your magazine fails me, though there are, of course, some that are sharper than others.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
Minister
First Unitarian Church
Los Angeles, Calif.

Salute to Helen Mears

Dear Sirs:

I have only one quarrel with your September issue: You should have given Helen Mears' "Peace by Deterrent" top billing. At a time when world tension might just possibly be lessened by a critical look at ourselves and by a cautious but diplomatic rapport with Russia we find America aggravating the situation at every possible opportunity.

This consideration overrides even the puny tempest in a teapot that is our national election.

I doff my hat to Helen Mears!

GEORGE B. CONNER
San Bernardino, Calif.

BOOKS

Fifty Years with Tom Swift

by RUSSEL B. NYE

ONE OF THE things that almost slipped by in 1960 was the fiftieth anniversary of Tom Swift. To almost any American male over forty that name rings a loud bell, for Tom, to a whole generation of boys, was as much a part of growing up as long pants and noticing girls. This paragon of young scientists first burst on the juvenile scene in 1910 in *Tom Swift and His Motorcycle*. He endured, still inventing and still frustrating the evil machinations of the Happy Harry gang, until 1941. His anniversary should not go unnoticed.

Tom Swift was one of the products of the fertile imagination of Edward Stratemeyer, who succeeded Horatio Alger as the king of juvenile fiction. Stratemeyer (who deserves a book by himself) even wrote a dozen or so Alger books under Horatio's name before he began his own amazing career in 1899 with the first three Rover Boys books. A few years later he created the Motor Boys series, and by 1908 he had formed a syndicate to turn out boys' books on a mass production basis. Others had tried this before, but what Stratemeyer did with juveniles made even Henry Ford's assembly line look amateurish.

Exactly how many books were produced by the Stratemeyer syndicate is hard to tell. Stratemeyer used at least thirteen different names (some say as many as twenty-five). "Arthur Winfield," who wrote the Rovers, was Stratemeyer himself. "Clarence Young" (the Motor Boys), "Frank V. Webster," "Lester Chadwick," "May Hollis Barton," "Captain Ralph Bonehill," "Roy Rockwood" (the Dave Dashaway series), "Laura Lee Hope" (the Bobbsey Twins), "Jim Bowie," "Carolyn Keen" (the Nancy Drew Mysteries), and a number of others, including "Victor Appleton," the author of *Tom Swift*, were all syndicate pseudonyms. According to some estimates, Stratemeyer wrote about one hundred and sixty books under other names, fifty or so under his own, and devised the plots for about eight hundred others which were farmed out to hired hacks. By 1920 his production line was the largest single source in the United States of juvenile books. When Stratemeyer died in 1930, he had probably been read by more Americans than any other publisher in the Twentieth Century.

Stratemeyer adapted his formula for juvenile fiction from Alger (whom he admired tremendously), the old dime novel, and his own shrewd observations of boys. Tom Swift was a normal boy who talked like one, in contrast to the incredibly stilted young prigs of Alger. The Swift books, true to their name, had speed to spare—motorcycles, submarines, gliders, balloons, airplanes (Tom actually invented eight), locomotives, racers of a dozen varieties, and so on. The books had villains, not so villainous as to be really dangerous, and capable of being routed with a bucket of whitewash or a manly display of

doubled fists. There were enough villains, too, so that one set could be operating while the first was serving what was called, in the ripe prose of the period, "a brief but richly-deserved punishment for their dastardly designs." There was little violence in the books, about fifty jokes per volume, plenty of exclamation points, ten verbs of action per page, and no kisses.

Stratemeyer always made sure that the first page of each Swift book contained no more than fifteen to eighteen lines, to catch the reader's eye and carry him to page two immediately. The chapter titles had to be real come-ons, and each chapter had to end on a cliff-hanger. Even today, chapter headings such as "A Vain Search!," or "The Suspicious Stranger," or "Off to the Big Race!" make the reader breathe a little faster, even if only in nostalgic memory of how they looked by flashlight under the bedclothes. And who can forget those magnificent last sentences in each chapter. "'My plans!' cried Mr. Swift, 'He's stolen my plans!' and Tom quickly ran off in pursuit of the stranger whose curious actions had aroused their suspicions." Or, "Suddenly there was a loud explosion and a blinding flash. 'It's the laboratory!' cried Ned, and he and Tom raced toward the flames." Nobody ever got more excitement for his forty cents than a reader of Tom Swift.

The Rover Boys and the Motor Boys and the others sold well, but Tom, done with the help of Howard Garis ("Uncle Wiggly") outdid them all. In the Swift series, Stratemeyer combined Alger, Jules Verne, Frank Merriwell, Young Tom Edison, the Rovers, and a few others, to make a mixture that would catch the interest of any red-blooded, alert American boy. As events proved, he calculated the mixture exactly right.

Tom Swift, you may remember, lives in Shipton, New York, with his widowed father, who is also an inventor. Ned Newton, Tom's "chum," (does anybody use the word any more?) works in a bank; a brave, not-too-imaginative boy, Ned serves as a sort of gee-whiz Dr. Watson to Tom's genius. Mr. Wakefield Damon, "a wealthy, eccentric gentleman," continually blesses some portion of his anatomy, clothing, or object, thereby providing comic relief. (Few of Tom's readers ever forgot Mr. Damon's "Bless my gizzard!" or "Bless my shoelaces!") Mary Nestor, "whose acquaintance Tom had made after stopping a runaway horse," is Tom's eternal sweetheart. She is every boy's dream of what his sister is not—sweet, admiring, pliable, a perfect audience for his spectacular achievements—and a long-suffering subject for kidnaping by various villains. Eradicate Simpson, an elderly colored man who does odd jobs for the Swifts, provides more comedy.

True to formula, the Swift books have plenty of villains. The Happy Harry gang, described vaguely as "a number of bad men," lurks about the Swift laboratories, occasionally kidnaping Mary, Mr. Damon, or Ned, and now and then setting the place on fire. There is another gang, led by one Addison Berg, a rival inventor who operates when Happy Harry and his men are occupied elsewhere. The most persistent villain of all, however, is Andy Foger, a boy of Tom's age, described with magnificent terseness as "a red-haired, squint-eyed bully," who is always out to steal Tom's inventions, sabotage his submarine, beat him in the big balloon race, or trap him in the caves of ice —never by fair means. Andy invents too, but his racers tend to strip their gears on the tenth lap, and his balloons always deflate at the last moment, giving Tom the opportunity to show his sportsmanship by rescuing his enemy.

Since Stratemeyer knew his business, the Swift books follow the classic formula of a race, a chase, a capture, and an escape. But they also had machines, and therein lay their power. Tom invents—electric rifles, motorcycles, steamships, dirigibles, guns, cameras, television (1914), talking pictures (1927), and many, many more. What he invents is always *almost* plausible, just far enough around the corner to be excitingly visionary, not quite far enough to be absurd. In fact, a good many of Tom's inventions were often only a year or so ahead of their real-life counterparts, though two of them—his diamond-making machine and his silencer for airplane motors—have not yet been duplicated. His inventions were so simple and so clearly explained (except for a little fuzziness about essentials) that his readers could feel well-informed and even a trifle authoritative about contemporary science. Tom's revolutionary storage battery, for example, which drove his electric runabout at *thirty* miles per hour, used oxide of nickel, steel, and iron oxide electrodes in a solution of lithium hydrate. It wouldn't work, of course, but it sounded so authentic that any boy who read the book could impress his friends with casual mention of nickel oxide and lithium hydrate until they read the book too.

It was the excitement of science, the thrill of discovery, that set Tom Swift apart from the Alger store-clerks, the hyperactive Merriwells, or even the redoubtable Rovers. Alger's characters amassed riches by pluck and luck, but, products of the Gilded Age as they were, to them material success seemed to be an end in itself. The athletic Merriwells, who appeared at the opening of the great Golden Age of mass professional sport, had a powerful appeal for the adolescent muscle-cult that sent away for mail-order courses from Lionel Strongfort. (Dick, as Merriwell fans may recall, threw a "jump ball" that rose a full foot when it reached the batter, while Frank's "double shoot" curved *twice* before it got to the plate.) The Rovers had adventures and fun in every part of the globe from the Everglades to Africa.

But Tom Swift had everything. He had $100,000 in the bank as early as 1920. He won races on land, air, sea, and under the sea, and he found adventure in caves, tunnels, jungles, and at the bottom of the ocean. These, however, were not the important things to his readers. What mattered was Tom's success at breaking through the barriers of the scientific unknown. The books were filled, in their naive way, with much of the excitement of the contemporary conquest of matter and space. It was not Rockefeller and Carnegie, nor Christy Mathewson and Three-fingered Brown, who were the implicit heroes of the Swift books, but the Wright brothers, the Fords, Edisons, and Steinmetzes who were pushing back the frontiers of knowledge and invention. In the Swift series, Stratemeyer caught admirably the spirit of the new age of science. The books

made research and discovery seem exciting and adventurous, so much so that they sold upwards of thirty million copies over the three decades of Tom's existence.

But even Tom Swift could not go on forever. After Stratemeyer's death there was an obvious falling-off in the quality of the series, and the last few were no more than weak science fiction. Furthermore, new heroes and new formulas appeared—Tarzan, Buck Rogers, Terry and the Pirates, and the dime-novel Western tradition, freshly laundered and made respectable by Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and the Lone Ranger. Most of all, there was not much left for Tom to invent. Jet flight, atomic research, and the explorations of space were simply too much for him. A victim of technological unemployment, Tom ended his career in a house trailer (*Tom Swift and His House on Wheels*), in rather inglorious contrast to the speedy motorcycles and giant planes of his youth. Worst of all, he married Mary Nestor after thirty years of courtship and sealed his own fate. Boys will forgive many faults in their heroes, but domesticity is not one of them.

In 1954, Grossett and Dunlap, Stratemeyer's original publishers, started a Tom Swift Junior series. The youngster so far has invented, among other things, Tomasite plastic (to make casings for nuclear reactors), a Swift Spectograph that analyzes anything in an instant, and a Damonscope (Bless Mr. Damon!) that detects fluorescence in space. But to those who knew his father, there is something lacking that Tom and Ned and their cohorts had—a directness, perhaps, a comprehensibility and boyishness that made them the reader's friends and contemporaries.

Tom and Ned and Mr. Damon lived in a predictable, controllable world of honest motors that used plain gasoline and could be fixed with baling wire when they broke down during the big race. Tom Junior moves with cold efficiency in a world of thermocoupled audiophiles, non-absorptive space filters, and interstellar drives. It is a much more complicated world than the one Tom and we knew, and a little frightening in its vastness and intricacy. Our Tom's world is old hat, outmoded, dead. Yet even after a half-century there is still a call to the blood of this balding generation in those electric words, "'Stop!' cried Ned. 'What is that mysterious flashing red light?'" or "'Look out,' snarled Andy Foger in a vicious tone of voice, 'or I'll run you down!'"

Hitler's Germany

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH. A HISTORY OF NAZI GERMANY, by William L. Shirer. Simon and Schuster. 1245 pp. $10.

Reviewed by

George L. Mosse

THE DETAILED nature of this history of the Third Reich necessarily exercises a fascination over the reader, for William L. Shirer writes well and with conviction. Emphasizing the years after 1937, his book describes the coming of the war and the war itself. Thus, foreign and military policies bulk in the foreground. The book is centered upon Adolf Hitler's role as the guiding spirit of, and the key to, the Third Reich, and rightly so.

For the most part Shirer has widely documented his text, though the early chapters rely to a great extent upon a history of the Nazi party written in the Thirties. It is a scholarly book, yet one full of indignation; Shirer obviously holds in abhorrence everything about the Third Reich, and he makes no bones about it. But though thoroughly understandable, the author's indignation does tend to get in the way of his analyses, particularly when it is unfortunately combined with a doubtful view of German history.

Shirer places the blame for what happened squarely on the Germans. That might be acceptable, but it leads him into attributing to them, in distorted degree, such national qualities as slavish obedience to the state and clumsiness in diplomacy. Such an approach, especially as it tends to ignore the deep-running social and economic forces at work, is not very helpful in explaining National Socialism fifteen years after its demise. Moreover, these national characteristics are attributed to a historical development in which Luther, as well as Prussia, is said to have played a leading role. The section on the churches, for example, deals exclusively with Protestantism but makes no mention of the fact that the first organized protest against the National Socialism regime came from the Prussian state church.

My criticism is not mere academic pettiness; because of his approach Shirer's discussion of National Socialism ignores an essential point without which one cannot understand the movement. No wonder that in analyzing Hitler's ideas (exclusively through *Mein Kampf*), he stands in indignation and bewilderment before the fact that millions of Germans embraced such a "hodgepodge" of ideas, "concocted by a half-baked neurotic." This seems fantastic in the face of what he calls the "normal mind of the Twentieth Century."

This is the crux of the issue. For Shirer, the normal mind of our century is one which combines love for individual freedom with a belief in the power of reason. Thus, Germany's Third Reich can be explained only by means of a peculiarly German tradition of obedience to the state—a belief in the supremacy of the state that National Socialism actually rejected in favor of the supremacy of the ideology. The word "German" was expunged from "German Aryan" because it made the Nazi ideology too provincial. Himmler dreamed of an international elite of Aryan supermen who would rule the world not from Germany but from a revived Burgundy.

What Shirer seems to forget is that many Europeans in the postwar world, hungry and alienated from a rotting society, were only too glad to sacrifice individual freedom to the sense of belonging and fulfillment which in this case National Socialism promised, however fraudulently. As one eminent professor put it: "National Socialism gave meaning once more to life." It is incorrect to say, as does Shirer, that Germany stressed the state and not the individual person. Nazi ideology saw itself as the ultimate fulfillment of the individual through his integration with a cause, a higher purpose. This is far indeed from Bismarck or Luther; it is, however, closely related to all of Fascism in the Twentieth Century.

Neither moral indignation nor distorted emphasis on national character can be substituted for analysis. One

must realize that such a view of the individual is basic to that totalitarianism which has given its impress to contemporary Europe. Many an American like Shirer finds it difficult to grasp that the horror that swept over Europe was not madness at all in any clinical sense. The millions who espoused the Fascist cause were neither misfits nor neurotics. Undoubtedly, this is a frightening fact; but it demonstrates just how thin the veneer of rationalism and individualism is in the Twentieth Century. It cracked, in many parts of Europe, under the first great crisis. More to the point than Shirer's analysis of German history is the fact that few between the two wars defended representative and parliamentary government anywhere in Europe. The feeling was widespread that the bourgeois era which this form of government supposedly typified was finished.

Those who are fascinated by this narrative might well ponder these facts; they go far to explain it. Perhaps Shirer left himself too little room in discussing the early history of the movement. All these issues were debated then, and it was only by the narrowest of margins that Hitler triumphed during these early struggles for power and ideology. It was at this time that he got his real political training.

Obedience to the regime was always accompanied by internal struggles within the victorious party leadership. In the absence of a working parliament these struggles constituted the interplay of forces and pressure groups within a totalitarian regime. Even National Socialism, dominated as it was by Adolf Hitler, was never quite so monolithic as Shirer makes it out to be. But this is relatively minor compared with my main point. The history of the Third Reich has a deeper significance for us than this skillful narrative of its events would seem to indicate. Why, in the period between the two world wars, were the only alternatives for so many of the best minds of Europe either Marxism or Fascism? We still need to know more about why this should have been so, for the presence of these alternatives, in the end, constitutes the significance of the nearly victorious Third Reich. It needs to be explained; we must know what to

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guard against in a society which is not yet immune from the same sicknesses which alienated men from it in the recent past.

Beloved Wilderness

MY WILDERNESS: THE PACIFIC WEST, by William O. Douglas. Doubleday. 206 pp. $4.95.

Reviewed by

Hal Borland

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS is not only a wise and liberal justice on the Supreme Court of the United States; he is also one of the wisest and most outspoken of our present day conservationists. Moreover, he is one of the few who speak from personal knowledge and observation, since he probably has walked more wilderness miles, fished more wilderness waters, ridden more wilderness trails, than any of the professionals. So what he has to say in this book about the wilderness areas of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska has special importance; and he says a good deal, with cogency as well as color.

He covers eleven areas, and each chapter reads as though it were written from extensive notes taken on the spot. He starts with the Brooks Range in Alaska, the "last American living wilderness," a place where man "can experience a new reverence for life that is outside his own and yet a vital and joyous part of it." Then he takes us on a hike along the shore area of Pacific Beach at the northwest tip of Washington, where there is constant pressure for "a highway that would turn it into another Atlantic City or Coney Island," and he asks, "Do roads have to go everywhere? Can't we save one per cent of the woods for those who love wildness?"

He takes us down the Middle Fork of the Salmon, in Idaho, "one of the finest fishing streams in America," an area so rugged that the Forest Service puts fire fighters in by parachute and tells them to return to the river when they have the fire under control; boats pick them up, because "it's so rugged that trails are not much use." Back in Washington, Douglas reports, plans are on file to put as many as nineteen separate dams along the Middle Fork to harness it for hydroelectric power. "This," he says, "would be the greatest indignity ever inflicted on a sanctuary. The Middle Fork—one of our finest wilderness areas—must be preserved in perpetuity."

From there he takes us to Hart Mountain, a rugged upland in southeastern Oregon, with its notable herd of pronghorn antelope. Then to Mount Adams, Goat Rocks, and Goose Prairie, interrupted by a chapter on the Olympic Mountains. The Mount Adams-Goose Prairie area is especially close to Justice Douglas' heart, for he knew it well during his youth, afoot and on horseback. There he now finds the threat to the wilderness made acute by the passion for building roads. "There is hardly a place these days a jeep will not reach." And as the roads multiply, the trails are neglected; and those who would know those areas should go by trail, not by road. With the roads, of course, is the threat poised by lumbering and by grazing.

Douglas loves the Mount Adams area, but it seems to me that he is an reverent awe and passionately devoted to the Olympic Mountains, with their rain forests. His chapter on that area glows and shimmers. It is almost sacred ground to him, and understandably so.

The last three chapters deal with Glacier Peak, in northern Washington, the High Sierras in California, and the Wallawas. And there again he comes back to the road problem. "This passion for roads is partial evidence of our great decline as a people. Without effort, struggle, and exertion, even high rewards turn to ashes. There is no possible way to open roadless areas to cars and retain a wilderness. . . . Once the interior is tapped by roads, the wilderness is gone forever. Lumbering and real wilderness, motoring and real wilderness, hotels and real wilderness are mutually exclusive. The choice must be made."

All through this book Justice Douglas shows his broad knowledge of wild life, both plant and animal. He also shows his knowledge of ecology and his fundamental belief in nature's own ways. He can defend the wolves in the Brooks Range, for instance—"The sight of a wolf loping across a hillside is as moving as a symphony"—and insist that predators belong in any wilderness area. He can tell how he drifted down on an unsuspecting bear on a stream in the Olympics, within three feet of him, slapped him on the rump and laughed at the bear's panic. He can exult over trout, and saddle horses, and camp fire, and even over a rain-wet bed.

But every chapter has his urgent demand that the wilderness be cherished and preserved. "Apart from Alaska, there are few places left where one can get more than ten miles from any road. . . . A civilization can be built around the machine. But it is doubtful that a meaningful life can be produced by it. . . . The wilderness stands as the true 'control' plot for all experimentation in the animal and vegetable worlds. Only through knowledge of the norm can an appraisal of the abnormal or diseased be made. . . . The struggle of our time is to maintain an economy of plenty and yet keep man's freedom intact. Roadless areas are one pledge to freedom. With them intact, man

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need not become an automaton. . . . Man sometimes seems to try to crowd everything but himself out of the universe. Yet he cannot live a full life with the products of his own creation. He needs a measure of the wilderness, so that he may relax in the environment that God made for him."

Only about two per cent of this country, around 55,000,000 acres, remains a roadless wilderness. Most of this is in the public domain, technically protected but actually at the mercy of bureaucratic decision. So we have about one-third of an acre apiece, each of us, and as Justice Douglas points out this is the absolute minimum we must have. We have none to lose to whimsical or wasteful decision. Too few people, especially people in a position to do anything about it, seem to care. Those of us who do care should insist that this book be read and acted upon by our Congressmen and, if such a thing is possible, by those bureau heads and Cabinet officers who have the final say. Every acre of wilderness lost will take at least a century to renew itself—if it ever gets that chance. But it can be destroyed by the stroke of a pen. That is what Justice Douglas is saying. And we had better listen, every last one of us.

Land for Tomorrow

LAND, WOOD AND WATER, by Robert S. Kerr. Fleet Publishing Corp. 380 pp. $4.95.

LAND FOR THE FUTURE, by Marion Clawson, R. Burnell Held, and Charles H. Stoddard. Johns Hopkins Press. 570 pp. $8.50.

Reviewed by

George R. Hall

NATURAL RESOURCE development, thanks to the recent Presidential campaign, has been in the headlines. Although it is a matter for rejoicing that public attention has been directed to the substantial public policy issues in this area, one cannot help regretting that public interest is sporadic. For this reason the books considered here are doubly welcome. The authors have long made natural resource problems their daily concern. All of them have extensive experience with the practical side of resource management and have also participated in the development and administration of governmental policies towards natural resources. These studies, therefore, are the result of much thought and of wide knowledge of managerial problems and the political realities in this field. Nevertheless, both books leave the reader puzzled as to the most desirable course of action to meet our responsibilities to America's future citizens. Neither book presents a clear picture of what our public policy should be towards natural resources, the problems that these policies will have to deal with, and the rationale for preferring certain policies over other possible lines of approach.

Senator Kerr's study is primarily concerned with interpreting present programs and problems in light of the history of the conservation movement and past policies. His analysis is broad in scope. It begins with the creation of the universe and ends with the Kerr plan for the development of the Arkansas River Basin. In between he deals with multiple-purpose river valley development, internal navigation, stream pollution, and the provision of water for drinking purposes and other domestic uses. There are personal reminiscences about the Senator's life and his family, particularly their experiences in the early days of the Oklahoma Territory. There is a discussion of present water development projects. There are brief histories of some of the pioneers of the conservation movement. Finally there is a discussion of some specific projects Senator Kerr would like to see undertaken.

The theme which ties together these diverse parts is the importance of water to civilization. Kerr reflects on the water problems of the pioneers of the West. He considers the advantages of multiple-purpose dams such as those in the TVA system. He points out the growing difficulties of obtaining water for cities. He paints a vivid and horrifying picture of the increasing pollution of our rivers. Through the whole narrative runs a discussion of the work of the Select Senate Committee on National Water Development which Kerr heads.

This is an intensely personal book reflecting Kerr's interest and career. Its major contribution is the insight

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it gives into the thinking of one of the most staunch supporters of water resource development. It is a memorial to his faith in the contribution which well-planned governmental policies toward river development can make to our welfare. However, the feeling persists that many of the complexities of river valley development and the conservation movement have been over-simplified. Kerr has a complete trust in multiple-purpose river development. But dams designed to provide electric power, navigation, irrigation, and flood control are a means of increasing our well-being and not an end in themselves. We can proudly point to the benefits from TVA and Grand Coulee and other multiple-purpose river valley developments. Nevertheless, the past is gone.

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What are our current needs? How many more reclamation projects do we need to increase our farm surpluses? How many more navigation projects do we need in light of our transportation problems? Is multiple-purpose development the cheapest way to get electric power? Resource development is desirable, but every creek does not need a dam. Considering the other demands on our resources, we can never spend unlimited amounts on water resources. The issue, is, how many projects and what types of projects are needed?

It is future needs that concern Messrs. Clawson, Held, and Stoddard, who are associates of Resources For The Future, Inc., a research group devoted to the study of resource problems. Unfortunately they too fail to give a very clear picture of the policies required to insure that we meet our obligations to future citizens.

Clawson, Held, and Stoddard start with present land use patterns and project the probable situation in the year 2000. The style is scholarly and rigorous, and the result is not light reading, but there is a wealth of information about past and present land uses. They conclude that large shifts in land use between now and 2000 are unlikely; that some changes, mostly localized, are likely; that changes will be accompanied by more political and social stresses and strains.

The authors are modest and point out that they are projecting past trends and not predicting the future. But it is not clear how past history and present problems are related to future needs. They provide many insights, yet despite their comprehensive knowledge of the technical problems of land-use and management and their extensive political and administrative experience, the authors are hazy regarding the factors which must enter into a decision on policy alternatives.

Both books contain valuable contributions to our knowledge about natural resource problems, despite their differences in style and objectives. It is regrettable that in both cases the presentation of the past is much stronger than the analysis of current policy issues.

LaFollette's Fight

LAFOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF POLITICAL EXPERIENCES, by Robert M. LaFollette. With a foreword by Allan Nevins. University of Wisconsin Press. 349 pp. Paper. $1.95.

Reviewed by

William B. Hesseltine

FOR TWENTY years, from 1891 until he wrote his *Autobiography* in 1912, Robert M. LaFollette was at the center of the Progressive movement. He began his political career by attacking the bosses of Wisconsin, won the governorship of the state, put through a body of reform legislation, and moved on to the U.S. Senate. In Washington he was, at first, a lonely figure, but one by one the other Congressmen joined him in supporting tariff reforms, anti-trust laws, railroad legislation, and in ferreting out and exposing the corrupting influence of great corporations on the government. By 1910, LaFollette was both the political organizer and the intellectual leader of the reform forces of the country. For the next two years, he sought to marshal his Progressive followers in a movement to capture the Republican Party and the White House.

Opposing his efforts, and eventually perverting the Progressive movement into an agency for his personal ends, stood Theodore Roosevelt. In 1912, Roosevelt won the support of half-hearted and of phony Progressives, led them out of the Republican Party, and launched a new party with himself at its head.

That year, Senator LaFollette wrote the story of his long political struggle. His *Autobiography* had two purposes: first, to recount the development of Wisconsin Progressivism and its spread into other states and into the national government and, second, to expose the hollowness of Roosevelt's progressivism. Three-sevenths of his book was concerned with the preliminaries of the campaign of 1912. Throughout, by didactic precept and practical example, LaFollette expounded his philosophy of a government which would protect the rights of the many from the depredations of the powerful few.

"We have long rested comfortably

in this country upon the assumption that because our form of government was democratic, it was therefore automatically producing democratic results," said LaFollette in his introduction. The essence of the Progressive movement, he said, lay "in its purpose of upholding the fundamental principles of representative government."

It is well, indeed, that the LaFollette story, long out of print, should be reissued in 1960. At the close of an election year, in which both the leading parties have sworn undying love for the voters, there is much purpose in remembering the LaFollette struggle. The book should be put on the required reading list of each new officeholder.

Leonard Woolf Looks Backward

SOWING: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE YEARS 1880 TO 1904, by Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. 224 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by

Melvin J. Friedman

USING a title which reminds one of a Henry Green novel, Leonard Woolf offers us in *Sowing* the beginnings of a life devoted to the arts. Leonard Woolf has always refused the unpalatable role of "neglected" husband of Virginia Woolf and has never hidden behind her literary accomplishments. He has earned in his own right a slight but distinguished reputation as editor, publisher, and author—a reputation certain to be enhanced by this volume of memoirs of his early years.

Sowing is the work of a man approaching his eightieth birthday who looks back fondly on his youth. Leonard Woolf has outlived most of the Trinity College Cambridge-Bloomsbury group; he treats certain of his recalled moments with solemnity and forces a kind of elegiac tone. But on the whole he is cheerful when he remembers childhood experiences and multiplies anecdotes from young manhood. Despite his frequent apologies for lapses of memory Woolf manages to recall large segments of his past and to present them almost as if they were currently happening.

Woolf is not content with the image of the Wordsworthian "child among his new-born blisses." Childhood for him was a stormier period, which ended in religious rejection and financial difficulty following his father's death. He seems more keenly devoted to his preparatory school and university years. The period of *fin de siecle* rejection and rebellion which he went through at Cambridge from 1899 to 1904 offers his fondest recollections. The friendship with Lytton Strachey, Thoby Stephen (Virginia Woolf's brother), and Saxon Sydney-Turner was of the type Montaigne speaks of: the selfless sharing of all experiences. The admiration for G. E. Moore, especially, and for the other Cambridge philosophers of those years was part of the apprenticeship every undergraduate serves.

Woolf is given throughout this volume to a religious skepticism which causes him in the end to reject most modern forms of organized religion. He refused, he tells us, at the age of fourteen to attend his synagogue and unwaveringly held to this position for the remainder of his life. His wide reading in the classics has offered him a solution which he ironically expresses early in *Sowing:* "The only tolerable Gods were those of the Greeks because no sensible man had to take them seriously."

His observations on literature are considerably more optimistic. He attended Cambridge during the years when Victorian literature was beginning to give way to less traditional forms. Woolf delighted in the "infinitely sensitive antennae" displayed in the later novels of Henry James and in the intricately constructed sentences which abound in his fiction and conversation. Woolf was disturbed by the accusations of immorality and indecency directed at Hardy after the publication of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* He wrinkles his brow slightly at the reception *Ulysses* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* might have encountered had they been published in 1891. His apologies for Swinburne are an attempt to make us understand what the Cambridge undergraduate of the turn of the century appreciated in a poet who was both "silly and sentimental."

Most of these judgments interest us because they manage to bring into focus the literary impressions of another generation when viewed at a remove

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of sixty years by one of its members. Woolf does not play Tiresias; he admits to many blunders in taste and discretion. But in the background is always the sober appraiser who has immersed himself in the classics and can interpret most modern problems in terms of what he knows about the ancients. He casts interesting light on the Dreyfus trial by likening it to the "trial and death of Socrates and the scene in the prison at Athens." He manages, on another occasion, a classic juxtaposition which should amuse most of his readers: "The church or suicide, it will be observed, were to us in the 1890's what the Communist Party became to a later generation."

Sowing is filled with delightful turns of phrase and witty anecdotes. Woolf moves freely back and forth in time and explains childhood experiences often in terms of things which happened later. He does not restrict himself to the time scheme of 1880-1904. His fond references to Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, and Desmond MacCarthy seem clearly to refer to a later period. He quotes two letters from G. E. Moore which date from 1905 and 1908. This gives the narrative a certain fluidity and perhaps even timelessness.

We reluctantly take leave of Leonard Woolf at the point when he has completed his work at Cambridge and is about to depart for Ceylon in the unfamiliar role of civil servant. He sets out for unknown parts clutching his complete Voltaire which probably offered a model for his religious cynicism and caustic wit running through *Sowing*. We can be fairly certain that Woolf intends several more volumes of memoirs before he has finished. If he leaves us with a message in this first volume, perhaps it is, "My experience is that almost everyone, if you really get to know him, is a 'curious character' . . ."

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New Novels

by Susan Brady

THE NEW novel, *The Child Buyer* (Knopf. $4) is the work of a very angry man—John Hersey. It is, as the subtitle so conveniently informs us, "A novel in the form of hearings before the Standing Committee on Education, Welfare & Public Morality of a certain State Senate, investigating the conspiracy of Mr. Wissey Jones, with others, to purchase a male child." Said male child is one Barry Rudd, a fat, awkward New England schoolboy whose superior intelligence brought him to the attention of Wissey Jones, representative of the United Lymphomilloid Corp. At United Lymphomilloid, children like Barry are trained (by being deprived of their previous knowledge, physical senses, and reproductive capabilities) to work on the top-secret "Fifty-Year Project."

The arrival of Mr. Jones and subsequent events in the town of Pequot are investigated by the state senate committee, which hears the testimony of all the principals of the case—the buyer, the boy, his parents, the school officials. Gradually the situation is reconstructed: the arrival of Mr. Jones on his collapsible motorcycle, his attempts to buy the boy, and the boy's attempts to counter him.

It would be a pity to reveal the nature of all those moves and countermoves, where Hersey's unsuspected powers of invention have full play. Wissey Jones quickly cons the price of everyone standing between him and his prize. The boy's protectors are bought off one by one until, ultimately, the decision rests with him alone. That decision and the reasons for it sound the most bitter note in an extraordinarily bitter and pessimistic book.

Hersey fires from rear on at American education and local government. Much has been made of his mordant criticism of modern educational methods (particularly the attempt to make education "scientific"), and of Ameri-

can political leadership. The phenomenon of stupidity in high places, however, would hardly sustain a full-length novel, even one so compact as this. The author's main point, it would seem, is that talent has become a commodity, which we are only too willing to buy and sell. Its scarcity induces those who want it to abandon all human values to acquire it and induces those who control it to do likewise to exploit it for their own advantage. And once talent is accepted as a commodity, labor is divided, so that each person addresses himself to only one small part of a job, with all the parts coordinated by a "manager," who is the only one who knows all the parts and how they fit together.

In *The Child Buyer*, Hersey's targets are all those forces that dehumanize and sterilize the individual in the name of some higher good—national defense or the free enterprise system or what have you. Placing the individual and his unique powers of creation above the immediate interests of the community, Hersey makes an eloquent plea for the preservation of individuality and the encouragement of personal achievement. As a satire, *The Child Buyer* could have used, perhaps, a little more levity but that failing pales in the light of Hersey's white-hot rage.

Of all the literary forms, the one treated most kindly by the reviewers is the first novel, usually a thinly disguised autobiography posing as a novel of education. There are three that I have just read, and none is likely to set the critical world on fire.

The best of the lot is *The Skinner* (New Authors Guild, $3.75) by Jay Gilbert, a young woman who was born in Northern Rhodesia, studied and worked in Dublin, and now lives in London. It is the story of Liz Ruckley, a "nice" girl whose romance with a young "tough" and involvement in the life of a big-city slum transforms her into a warm and free woman. Miss Gilbert handles her characters well and succeeds in evoking the harsh and bitter atmosphere of slum life. In themes and in style her novel is reminiscent of the film *On the Waterfront*.

Jim Kirkwood's novel *There Must Be A Pony* (Little, Brown, $4) is in an entirely different mode. Fifteen-year-old Josh Cydney and his movie-actress mother are made the principals in a nationwide scandal by the violent death of Ben Nichols, Rita Cydney's current lover and the only one to take an interest in her son. The hero talks and acts like Holden Caulfield, but the author lacks the grasp of the material and of the language that makes Salinger's work so extraordinary. Still, there are enough twists in the plot and turns in the prose to hold the reader's interest right to the end.

Only sheer determination, however, can carry a reader to the end of *A Question of Innocence* (Macmillan, $3.95) by Donald Winks. Caught up in the life of a wealthy New York Catholic family, young Henry Adams (who bears a disturbing resemblance to Mr. Winks) observes corruptible and corrupting innocence. In the process he presumably matures; actually he goes from silly bore to pompous bore. There's a great deal of talk in this book about Evil and other capital-letter concepts but it is so garbled and confused that one's only hope is that the author of it all will spend the next ten years reading, not writing, books.

Best in Juveniles

by Ernestine Evans

THE 1960 books for "juveniles"—roughly, ages ten to sixteen—are full of variety and color, and three or four of them will be marked as classics in a year or two. A youngster has to buckle down to his required text books with his eye on examinations, but it is often supplementary reading, some footnote to history, the accidental discovery of some contradiction that kindles special interest to last an argumentative enquiring lifetime. It's like a game to discover a place or a hero, or a fine writer, and then proceed to run down and devour a whole bibliography on a subject, or a complete set of one author's contribution.

Three of the new biographies are so well written and provide so much background on places in the news today about Russia, Alaska, and the Congo that I want to star them.

Touched with Fire by Margaret E.

The most important study yet made of Russian political psychology

SOVIET LEADERS AND MASTERY OVER MAN

by Hadley Cantril

This chillingly dispassionate analysis of Soviet ideology and its relation to the structure of Soviet society will prove a revelation to most Western readers. It offers a series of brilliant contrasts that reveal the vastness of the chasm between Soviet theory and practice and Western social and political patterns. Mr. Cantril shows how Soviet leaders must continually manipulate their people on a massive scale if they are to accomplish the aims of their regime. The final effect of the book is to make clear how realistic and unemotional the policies of the West will need to be if Soviet imperialism is to be countered.

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Bell (Morrow. $3) tells the story of an Eighteenth Century young German scientist employed by the Academy of Science in St. Petersburg to explore in Siberia and Kamchatka. Taken on by Commander Bering, he made reports on the coast of Alaska. It is a glowing story of tragic hardships in the North Pacific.

Congo Explorer, by Jeanne Carbonnier (Scribner. $3) is the life story of Pierre Savorgnan de Brazza after whom Brazzaville was named. It is a love story as well as a story of struggle with jungles, disease, and the manners of army bureaucrats in the days when Europe was moving in on Africa.

Solomon Juneau, Voyageur by Marion Lawson (Crowell. $3.50) describes an indomitable French Canadian from Montreal who paddled his canoe to trading posts in the Indian country and collected furs. When the fur trade dwindled he went down the Milwaukee River, became an American citizen, and competed with the Yankees.

William Blake is an interpretive biography of the poet by James Daugherty (Viking. $3); it contains many reproductions of Blake drawings. Another notable biography by collaborators Rachel Baker and Joanna Baker Merlen is *America's First Woman Astronomer: Maria Mitchell* (Messner. $2.95). The two pages of bibliography at the close of the book are an impressive listing of books about astronomy, astronomers, maps, clocks, telescopes, Nantucket, Vassar, whaling, and Maria Mitchell. Such a practice is admirable and invites further reading.

This year Houghton Mifflin has reissued *The Trail of the Spanish Horse, The Quest of the Fish Dog Skin,* and *With the Indians in the Rockies,* by James Willard Schultz ($2.50 each). Schultz wrote thirty-seven novels in the last century, and the reissue of three of his "westerns" about a vanished way of life is a challenge to today's TV fare.

The year has been full of buffaloes. *Buffalo and Beaver* by Stephen W. Meader (Harcourt, Brace. $2.95) is a story set in 1827 about a youngster's journey with his father across the Great Plains when buffaloes and beavers were more numerous than Indians or white men. *The Buffalo Robe* by Gardell Dano Christensen (Nelson. $2.95) tells the story of how the Plains Indians recorded their feats in life by drawing pictures of them on their buffalo robes. Christensen has prepared many exhibits over the years for the American Museum of Natural History and the National Park services. *Shag, the Last of the Plains Buffalo* by Robert M. McClung (Morrow. $2.95) is about a buffalo cub who was born just in time to perish in the cruel commercial slaughter of the herds. The illustrations by Louis Darling are beautiful.

Europeans have always been romantic and often envious about our Indians, with their ponies, tepees, and bows and arrows. From Indian mounds and their artifacts, anthropologists and archaeologists construct their theories of Indian ancestry. *American Indian,* with text by Oliver LaFarge and illustrations by Andre Durenceau (Golden Press. $5.95), is a delight for any American child and a perfect Merry Christmas for a youngster overseas.

The most formidable and unique of the 1960 science books for young adults is called *Saturday Science* (Dutton. $4.95). It is a hefty 333-page book, with maps and charts, diagrams and photographs, and lectures and essays from fifteen of the scientists at Westinghouse Research Laboratories.

"The golden age of land exploration is past. Few areas remain unmapped. In contrast, science has no boundaries. As one example, we are always inquiring into the detailed structure of atoms and nuclei. The more detail we need to see, the more powerful must be our tools, e.g., the higher the energy of our probing particles. Since no limit can be placed upon the energy of our probing particles, we can expect each succeeding generation to see finer and finer details of the structure of atoms, then of nuclei, then of nucleons, then of whatever is beyond . . . . the essentially infinite complexity of life itself indicates that this search will continue unending," writes Clarence Zener in his introduction to this book.

Andrew Bluemle, who edited the book, says the intention of *Saturday Science* is to "extend the walls of the

laboratories . . . . to reach all those who are interested in classical and modern science." Those who are will seize upon this book and resolve to learn the language of science.

Paperback Plums

by William McCann

So NUMEROUS are the available paperbacks on psychology, psychoanalysis, and psychiatry that it seems obvious a great many readers, in these anxious times, are seriously concerned about their mental states. Here is a selection of notable titles:

The Inside Story, Psychiatry and Everyday Life, by Fritz Redlich, M.D. and June Bingham (Vintage. $1.25)

The Undiscovered Self, by C. G. Jung. Translated by R. F. C. Hull (Mentor. 50 cents)

A Layman's Guide to Psychiatry and Psychoanalysis, by Eric Berne, M.D. (Simon and Schuster. $1.50)

The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life, by Erving Goffman (Anchor. 95 cents)

Psychiatry Today, by David Stafford-Clark (Penguin. 95 cents)

Psychoanalysis and Religion, by Erich Fromm (Yale University Press. 95 cents)

Sigmund Freud, His Exploration of the Mind of Man, by Gregory Zilboorg (Grove Press. $1.45)

Freud and His Time, by Fritz Wittels (Universal. $1.25)

The Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology, by Alfred Adler. Translated by P. Radin (Littlefield, Adams & Co. $1.75)

Hypnosis, Fact and Fiction, by F. L. Marcuse (Penguin. 95 cents)

Basic Principles of Psychoanalysis, by A. A. Brill. Prefatory note by Philip R. Lehrman (Washington Square Press. 60 cents)

Psychoanalysis for Teachers and Parents, by Anna Freud. Translated by Barbara Low (Beacon. $1.25)

On the Nightmare, by Ernest Jones (Grove Press. $1.95)

Principles of Intensive Psychotherapy, by Frieda Fromm-Reichmann (Phoenix. $1.75)

The Wish to Fall Ill, A Study of Psychoanalysis and Medicine, by Karen Stephen (Cambridge. $1.45)

The Mind of Man: A History of Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis, by Walter Bromberg, M.D. (Harper Torchbooks. $1.95)

Becoming, Basic Considerations for a Psychology of Personality, by Gordon W. Allport (Yale University Press. 95 cents)

Civilization and Its Discontents, by Sigmund Freud. Translated by Joan Riviere (Anchor. 95 cents)

Life Against Death, The Psychoanalysis of History, by Norman O. Brown (Modern Library Paperbacks. $1.25)

Gestalt Psychology, An Introduction to New Concepts in Modern Psychology, by Wolfgang Kohler (Mentor. 50 cents)

Beyond the Pleasure Principle, by Sigmund Freud. Introduction and notes by Gregory Zilboorg (Bantam. 50 cents)

Modern Man in Search of a Soul, by C. G. Jung. Translated by W. S. Dell and Cary F. Baynes (Harvest. $1.15)

Freud or Jung? by Edward Glover (Meridian. $1.35)

The Age of Psychology, by Ernest Havemann (Simon and Schuster. $1)

The Psychology of Thinking, by Robert Thomson (Penguin. 95 cents)

The Myth of the Birth of the Hero, and Other Writings, by Otto Rank. Edited by Philip Freund (Vintage. $1.25)

The Future of an Illusion, by Sigmund Freud. Translated by W. D. Robson-Scott (Anchor. 95 cents)

THE REVIEWERS

RUSSEL BLAINE NYE, professor of English at Michigan State University, owns a complete set of the Tom Swift books. He is a Pulitzer-prize winning historian, and his newest book is "The Cultural Life of the New Nation, 1776-1830." GEORGE L. MOSSE is a professor of European history at the University of Wisconsin. HAL BORLAND is the distinguished nature writer; his most recent book is "The Enduring Pattern." GEORGE R. HALL is an assistant professor of economics at the University of Virginia where he teaches courses dealing with the economics of natural resources. WILLIAM B. HESSELTINE is a professor of American history at the University of Wisconsin. MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN teaches modern literature at the University of Wisconsin. SUSAN BRADY is on the editorial staff of a national magazine. ERNESTINE EVANS has reviewed children's books for the New York Herald Tribune and other publications. WILLIAM McCANN reviews paperbacks regularly for The Progressive.

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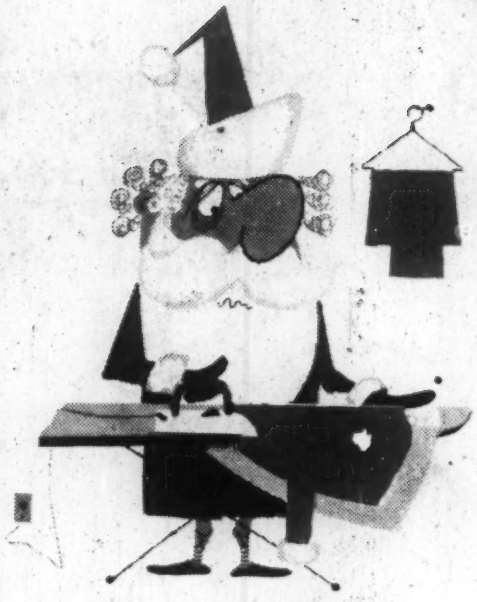

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